

MAY 5, 1883

THE GRAPHIC.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 701.—VOL. XXVII.

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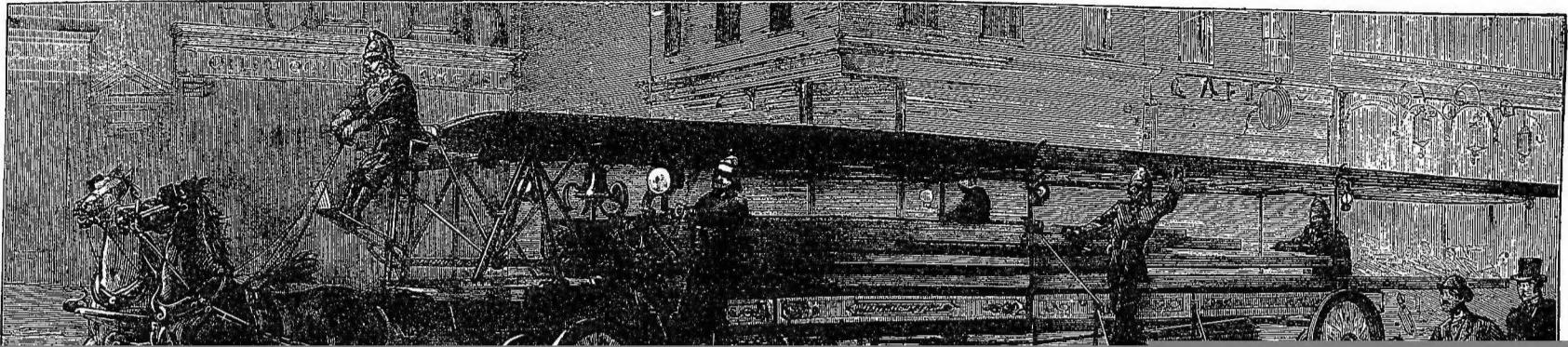
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NO. 701.—VOL. XXVII.
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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883

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Topics of the Week

NATIONAL LIBERALISM.—Probably the speakers at the opening of the National Liberal Club did not overrate the importance of the new institution. It will certainly tend to maintain "touch" between the leaders of the Liberal party and their followers in the country; and it may, perhaps, help to transfer the dominant influence in Liberalism from Birmingham to London. If this be the effect of the establishment of the National Liberal Club, everybody who has a general sympathy with Liberal aims will have good reason to be satisfied. Birmingham Radicals are very earnest, no doubt; but they have also the bitterness and the narrowness of a sect which believes in its own infallibility. An expression of independent judgment by any one who calls himself a Liberal they are apt to resent as a kind of insult. They apply to politics the modes of thought and feeling which many of them acquired in small religious societies; and by much clamour they often succeed in making the world regard them as far more powerful than they really are. The last General Election proved that the majority of Englishmen are Liberals; but there is nothing to indicate that Liberalism of the Birmingham type has a considerable body of adherents. Most Liberals, while favourable to a progressive policy, wish to advance cautiously, without doing unnecessary violence to the sentiments of their opponents; and the Liberal chiefs cannot hope to maintain their present supremacy unless they recognise this fact, and act in accordance with it. In a truly National Liberal party there must be room, of course, for Birmingham Radicals as well as for statesmen like Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen. For some years, however, extreme politicians have not been content with the position which properly belongs to them, but, although a minority, have claimed, and frequently asserted, the rights of a majority.

IRISH DISLIKE TO ENGLAND.—Mr. Mitchell Henry, taking it for granted that the Irish hate the English, says that it is because the former pay more than their fair share of Imperial taxation. We doubt if either Mr. Gladstone or Sir Stafford Northcote would admit this allegation; on the contrary it is generally believed that Ireland, on account of her comparative poverty, has, as regards fiscal imposts, been treated with considerable leniency. But, even if the charge were true, it is of too prosaic a character to fire the wrath of such a people as the Irish. The dislike of the Irish towards the English, such as it is (we are speaking now of the Irish in the United Kingdom) is due rather to divergences of creed and temperament, and to exaggerated traditions of oppression in past times. But we doubt whether this alleged hatred is very deep-seated. There are some two millions of Irish living in Great Britain, and altogether, whether among the professional, the trading, or the weekly-wages classes, the two nationalities manage to get on very amicably together. When one hears of a faction-fight (a rare occurrence) between English and Irish, the quarrel is due not to the nationality of the Irish, but because the latter are willing to work for lower wages. In the Colonies, too, in Canada and Australasia, there are plenty of Irish, but they agree very well with their English, Scotch, and Welsh fellow-citizens. If any one objects that the Irish don't hate the British people, only the British Government; we reply that nowadays the people are the Government. Whatever the people choose to will, the Government must do. The Irish in the United States, it must be admitted, are an exception. Amongst them there seems to be a good deal of downright hatred of England. This may be chiefly attributed to two causes. First, the early emigrants of the famine era had suffered cruel privations, and arrived with bitterness in their hearts. The tradition has been handed on to their children. Secondly, the liberty and equality doctrines of American Republicanism have a dazzling effect on the minds of Irishmen. But we need not take the portentous Resolutions of the Philadelphia Convention too seriously. Americans are so familiar with caucuses and conventions that they can estimate them at their proper value. It is advisable to make a fuss in order to run a political machine successfully. We do not deny that there are some genuine enthusiasts among the Irish Americans, but the bulk of the agitators are mere seekers after dollars and notoriety. Let them do something heroic, and, even if it is unpleasant to us, we shall respect them; but, so long as they continue at a safe distance writing inflammatory newspaper paragraphs, and sending across the Atlantic poor dupes laden with dynamite, they do not deserve the confidence of any really patriotic Irishmen.

MURDER IN AMERICA.—In the United States murder does not seem to be thought very much of. The *Nation*, a New York paper, is constantly upbraiding the Southern citizens with their indifference to the guilt of homicide. Shooting is still about as common in the South as in the new English opera of *Colomba* and other Corsican entertainments. But Chicago is not in the South, and it was in Chicago that one Sullivan shot a man dead on his own doorstep, some years ago, because the victim had spoken in a disrespectful manner about Mrs. Sullivan. The man Sullivan is now President of the National League of Irish Americans. Mr. Parnell, if he visits America in the autumn, will have to

shake the hand on which, as an American paper says, "There is blood." Though people cannot afford to be too particular, yet there must surely be Irish American agitators unstained, as yet, by homicide, and one of these might have been made President. The case of Alfred Parker, who is being tried for having killed, robbed, and eaten five persons is different, as his actions were committed on an Indian Reservation. Another interesting American-man-slayer pleads that his father had killed in earlier days some members of the family which he has again bereaved. "It is all in the family" appears to be his excuse, which might have been valid in Corsica, or in Ireland, before the conversion to Christianity. In old European societies a more severe view is taken of murder.

PARLIAMENT AND THE AFFIRMATION BILL.—The debate on the Affirmation Bill was very tedious, but it cannot be fairly said that any of the time devoted to the subject was altogether wasted. The controversy excites profound interest in the country, and it was right that full expression should be given, not only to the conflicting opinions which have been formed about it, but to the mass of sentiment which is always sure to be evoked by the discussion of questions even remotely bearing on religion. Besides, the House of Commons usually occupies itself so much with matters of mere detail that most people were rather pleased than otherwise to find it engaged in the consideration of general principles. The proposal to admit men like Mr. Bradlaugh into Parliament involves the whole question of religious liberty; and Englishmen of the present generation have never, perhaps, given such serious attention to ultimate problems of this kind as they have done during the last week or two. On the whole, the debate has revealed a far greater diversity of principle and feeling than could have been anticipated. It used to be supposed by the majority of Liberals that the expediency of abolishing religious tests for the exercise of secular functions was virtually admitted by civilised mankind. They can no longer retain this opinion; nor can they even affect to think that the objections to the equality for which they contend are held only by Conservative politicians. There are evidently a great many Liberals who still believe that if a man rejects certain theological doctrines he cannot be safely entrusted with the greatest civic responsibilities. The most effective exposition of this conviction was presented by Lord Randolph Churchill, whose speech indicated considerably higher capacity than had ever before been attributed to him either by friends or by opponents. His arguments, however, although ingenious, can only be regarded as "survivals" of modes of thought belonging to an era which is passing away. That vague but irresistible force, "the spirit of the age," is against the restrictions for which Lord Randolph eloquently pleaded; and this is sorrowfully admitted by some of the most earnest of those by whom he was energetically applauded.

A HOSPITAL FOR NORTH LONDON.—Long after most of the present hospitals had been for many years in existence, London practically ended northwards at "the New Road," as till lately the long thoroughfare between Paddington and Islington was called. Now there is to the north of the New Road what anywhere except in London would be called a mighty city. It contains a million of inhabitants, one in every ten of whom, it is declared, is in a condition requiring medical relief. Bearing these facts in mind, it is not strange that an influential meeting has recently been held for the purpose of building a new hospital in this district, containing 300 beds, and combining the paying with the free system. The project was opposed by a gentleman present on the ground that several small hospitals already in existence afforded collectively adequate accommodation for this district, but the original motion was carried by a large majority. Our sympathies in this matter are decidedly with the majority. Judging by past experience in such matters, the erection of a new hospital will not lessen the patronage bestowed on the smaller establishments named by Mr. Adams, presuming that they continue to be deserving of support: indeed, the constant increase of population will render them all necessary, while a large hospital will give opportunity for the formation of a new Medical School, and will relieve the overcrowding of students elsewhere. We must not forget that public hospitals have two distinct functions—the care of the sick poor and the instruction of the rising generation of healers.

A CHEAP VICTORY.—"Cheap substitutes" have long been extremely popular. Cheap substitutes for butter, cloth, leather, fruit, and other commodities are freely offered to the public, either frankly and openly, or as "the genuine article." Coffee can be made out of old boots, butter out of plaster of Paris, jam out of turnips and a little colouring matter. Mr. O'Donovan Rossa has invented a cheap substitute for an armed insurrection, for guns, rifles, courage, patriotism, and other qualities. By the judicious use of dynamite he offers "to bring England to her knees" at an outlay of 17,251*l.* os. 1*d.* This is a small sum, and might readily be raised by a Limited Company, issuing 20,000 shares at 1*l.* the share. Mr. Rossa, as vendor of the idea, might receive 2,000 shares fully paid up, the Company would be rewarded by the approval of their conscience, and by any "pickings" which might occur in the ruin of London. But we think O'Donovan Rossa might do the thing cheaper. He reckons 6,000*l.* for passage money of one thousand Irish from

Ireland. Why not employ Irishmen already settled in England? "Rooms in London hotels at 5*s.* each, 25*o!*" How absurd, as the hotels are to be fired by the patriots before the bills are presented. Whether London hotels would admit persons of the manners and appearance of "evicted Irishmen" is another question. Rossa will probably have to include an estimate for the decent disguise of a thousand clean shirts.

EGYPT AND HER NEW INSTITUTIONS.—The new political institutions proposed by Lord Dufferin have now been formally decreed; and it remains to be seen whether they are adapted to the actual circumstances of the country. Nobody supposes that if England withdrew her troops the system would have the faintest chance of success. The Egyptian people know nothing of the methods of freedom; and the social and political forces in operation, if left to themselves, would inevitably—and very soon—lead to the revival of the worst kind of despotism. And the results would be so disastrous that the intervention of England or of some other Power would quickly become absolutely imperative. Fortunately, the British Government are resolved to complete the task which events compelled them to undertake; and, if their present temper is maintained, there is no reason to doubt that the Egyptians may be trained, as other nations have been, to manage their own affairs. Much will depend on the qualities of the official who is selected to succeed Lord Dufferin. Local difficulties cannot be settled for an indefinite time by orders from Downing Street; for popular interest in "the Egyptian Question" is likely to become more and more feeble, and English statesmen do not, as a rule, trouble themselves much about matters which attract little attention at home. It is vitally important that our new representative should be a statesman of experience and authority; and politicians of both the leading parties regret that the post cannot continue to be held by Lord Dufferin. Might not Mr. Goschen be induced to take his place?

CHILI AND PERU.—During the war, which, it must be confessed, excited only a languid interest in Europe, the sympathies of Englishmen were rather with Chili than with Peru. We knew that Chili was the most prosperous and solvent of the South American Republics. Her enemies were two to one; she looked small on the map compared to Bolivia and Peru, and it seemed then as if they, rather than Chili, were the aggressors. The struggle proved to be something like a fight between a sword-fish and a couple of unwieldy whales; right and left Chili delivered her sharp, swift strokes, and ere long her foes lay at her mercy. Mercy is a virtue of which there is apparently but a slender stock in the South American Continent; the war was fought in a most ruthless fashion, and, since then, if we can accept the statements of Admiral Garcia, who holds a brief for Peru, Chili has still more ruthlessly exercised her rights of conquest. These statements are, however, strenuously denied by Mr. Stephen Williamson, the member for St. Andrew's District, who declares that the war was forced upon Chili, and that she is now ready to withdraw her armed occupation of Peru upon the concession of terms which are, under the circumstances, not unreasonable. Altogether, Europe has little reason to be proud of her civilising influences in South America. Peru has distinctly retrograded since the days of the Incas; and even Chili, which used to be regarded as a steady-going industrial community, has lately, unless Admiral Garcia's allegations are altogether untrue, disclosed a large share of the savagery which characterises most of the nations of the great Southern Continent.

"LIBERATION."—This week has been a memorable one in the history of the movement for what is called the liberation of the Church of England from the control of the State. The cause has been eloquently advocated by Mr. Bright, and several other influential speakers have argued for it with much force and enthusiasm. It must be conceded that there is an increasing tendency, both in England and in many other parts of the world, to think that the State should interfere as little as possible with religion. Moreover, those who accept the supernatural origin of Christianity are, of course, obliged to admit that, if the Church of England were disestablished to-morrow, its influence would not be permanently diminished; and a good many Churchmen are disposed to believe that Disestablishment will provide the only effectual solution of the difficulties arising from Ritualism. All these things tell so much in favour of the "Liberationists," that they are naturally becoming more and more confident; but most of them appear greatly to underrate the strength of the forces against which they have still to contend. In the first place, notwithstanding the growth of Ritualism, the vast majority of members of the Church of England, both Liberals and Conservatives, continue to hold the principle of Establishment; and it can hardly be supposed that they would abandon so important a doctrine in deference to political leaders, even if the extreme Radicals definitely triumphed in all other matters over the Whigs. Then, apart from principle, the question of expediency comes in. Disestablishment would undoubtedly be followed by a great accession of influence to the Roman Church and to Puritan or Evangelical communities; and no one can tell beforehand what would become of the enormous wealth of the Church of England. To many persons besides Churchmen these considerations appear to be of immense importance; and the

chances are that, if the subject were fairly before the constituencies, there are even Agnostics who would hesitate to vote with the Liberation Society.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.—A visitor to the National Galleries of almost every Continental State finds that the majority, or, at all events, a large number, of the pictures in each respective collection are by native artists; and that, therefore, the galleries fairly deserve the name of National. Our National Gallery is in this respect rather inaptly named, for most of the best pictures are by foreigners, and the collection of English masters to be found there is chiefly due to the liberality of private donors. Foreigners will say, and perhaps not altogether unjustly, 'How can you expect to have a genuine National Gallery?' Why, till the other day you were totally dependent upon us for your pictures. If you wanted your portrait taken you sat to Holbein, or Vandycck, or Kneller, or Lely, not one of whom was an Englishman.' This is quite true; but it is equally true that now for more than a hundred years we have had a native school of art, which, especially in landscape, can hold its own against any Continental country. Every year some half-dozen pictures at least are painted by Englishmen which the nation would cheerfully like to pay for and keep as its own, but which now the public never sees again except by the chance generosity of the owner in some loan exhibition. The Chantrey Bequest, it is true, provides on a small scale for such purchases, but the Committee are sadly crippled by not being able to buy until all the dealers and connoisseurs have had the pick of the market. In this regard the suggestion of "F. R. S." in the *Times* is well worthy of attention, namely, that when artists sell a picture they should sell it under the reservation that if the Chantrey Bequest Committee want it they shall be allowed to have it. We should like to see this idea carried out still further, so that every municipality in the kingdom might year by year lay up a store of pictures and other works of Art. In twenty or thirty years we should have such a picture gallery in every good-sized provincial city as would be a source of perpetual pleasure to the townsfolk.

THE EVIL EYE.—According to an Armenian correspondent of the *Daily News*, the schoolmaster is at home in Armenia, and the sooner the Armenian schoolmaster goes abroad the better. At present he is an abjectly implicit believer in the evil eye and in savage superstition. It is a well-known and rather touching fact that savages have not yet convinced themselves that "all men are mortal." No man has any business to die, they think, unless he is physically and manifestly knocked on the head or run through the body. All deaths which we call "natural" they attribute to maleficent magic. This is precisely the view of the Armenian schoolmaster described by the correspondent of *Daily News*. "Half the people there have died of the Evil Eye," said the foolish fond old man, pointing in the direction of the Mohammedan cemetery. He explained that even possessors of the Evil Eye are not aware of the gift; they are unconscious human upas trees, withering up all who come near them. The late Pope was supposed to have the Evil Eye by the Italians. The Jettatore, in Gautier's novel, grew weary of his own evil eyes, and tore them out in despair. Did Edipus, in the Greek myths, blind himself because, like the Jettatore, he attributed all his sudden ill-fortune to his own possession of the evil eye? The explanation seems sufficiently plausible, as the superstition was known to the ancients.

NOTE.—In consequence of the numerous inquiries made at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that APPLICATIONS for ADVERTISEMENTS to be printed upon Sheets entitled INTERLEAVES or LEAFLETS, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of THE GRAPHIC, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

NOW OPEN, THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS. 168, NEW BOND STREET.

The recent EXHIBITION of "TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY" by the leading BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS at THE GRAPHIC GALLERY was attended with such success that another Pictorial Collection has been organised, namely—

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANIMAL PAINTERS.

Each Artist has chosen his own subject, and has told his story in as simple and as characteristic a manner as possible. The names of the following well-known Artists are among the Contributors:—

A. DE NEUVILLE.
PAUL MEYERHEIM.
MADAME RONNER.
CHARLES GREEN.
H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.
J. McWHIRTER, R.A.
MR. BUTLER.
HEINRICH ZUGEL.
CATHERINE WOODVILLE.
JOHN CHARLTON.
LUIGI CHIALIVA.
C. STEFFEK.
G. RUDOLPH.
JULES GELIBERT.
HEYWOOD HARDY.
HERMAN LEON.
ADRIEN MARIE.
J. R. GOUBIE.
EDWIN DOUGLAS.
HORATIO H. COULDERY.
ALFRED W. STRUTT.
W. WEBKES.
A. W. COOPER.
GEORGE A. HOLMES.
SAMUEL CARTER.
CH. KRONER.
GASTON GELIBERT.
LEON BARILLOT.
R. BEAVIS.
PERCY MACQUOID.
S. E. WALLER.
J. C. DOLLMAN.
E. K. JOHNSON.
BASIL BRADLEY.
J. MAXIME CLAUDE.
OTTO WEBER.

In addition to the above Collection, the Exhibition contains a large quantity of Oil Pictures, Water Colour Drawings, and Black and White Drawings by J. E. Millais, R.A., P. Calderon, R.A., G. Storey, A.R.A., H. Woods, A.R.A., H. Herkomer, A.R.A., and others.

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INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS

IN WATER-COLOURS,

PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.
Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogues, 1s.

H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.
THE NINETEEN-NINTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 10 till 6. Admission 1s. Illustrated Catalogues, 1s.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.
An EXHIBITION of a SELECTION of AMERICAN WATER-COLOURS and ETCHINGS will OPEN on WHIT-MONDAY, 14th of MAY.

The Pictures for this Exhibition have been specially chosen from the studies of the Artists in America, by Hamlet S. Philpot, M.A. (Oxon). Admission, One Shilling.

THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN.

"Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive."—RUSKIN.
THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Open from 10 till 6. Admission 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

L'VECUM.—Last Twenty-One Nights of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Mr. Irving, in accordance with his promise to produce in succession each of the plays in which the Lyceum Company will appear in America, begs to announce the last nights of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and the last appearances of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company previous to their absence of ten months from London. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING at 8 o'clock. Benedict, Mr. Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES (last two), MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Saturdays, May 19th and 26th. On the evenings of May 12, 19, and 26 THE BELLS will be performed. Mathias, Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Wednesday next, May 9, at Eight.
MESSRS. Ambrose Austin and George Watts.—GRAND EVENING CONCERT: Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON (her first appearance in England after her brilliant tour in America), and Madame Trebelli, the Misses Robertson, Miss Maynard, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Grand Orchestra of Eight Pianos, Sixteen Performers. Band of the 2nd Life Guards. Conductors, Sir Julius Benedict, MM. Coenen, Kingsbury, W. Winterbottom, and Sidney Naylor.—Prices from 1s. to 10s. 6d. Programmes and Tickets at the Royal Albert Hall, the usual Agents, and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

GAIETY.—MADAME REICHNER'S MATINÉE next THURSDAY at 2.30. PLOT AND PASSION, preceded by JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL (German Recital). Concluding with the Curse Scene from DEBORAH. Seats can be secured at Box Office and Libraries. Mr. Maithland, Manager.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK will give, under the Patronage of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess, and H.S.H. the Duke of Teck at THE TOWN HALL, KENSINGTON, on THURSDAY Next, the 10th inst., at Eight o'clock, a Grand DRAMATIC RECITAL, as given before Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne on 11th of January last. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. At Mitchell's, 46, Old Bond Street; Verrinder's, 36, High Street, Kensington; and Spalding's, 46, High Street, Notting Hill. Admission, One Shilling.

President—Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.
THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

THE STATE OPENING CEREMONY will be performed on SATURDAY, MAY 12th, at noon, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, by command of, and on behalf of, Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.

The CEREMONY will consist of a Royal Procession—comprising Their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and other Members of the ROYAL FAMILY, the ROYAL COMMISSIONERS, the FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS, &c., &c.—to and from the Dais, from which, amid a flourish of trumpets, His Royal Highness will declare the EXHIBITION OPEN.

On the OPENING DAY there will be:—

FOUR HUNDRED REPRESENTATIVE FISHERMEN from all parts of the United Kingdom.

FISHER-GIRLS, in NATIVE COSTUME, from Scotland, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

HER MAJESTY'S WATERMEN in their State Livery.

CHORUS of 350 Voices.

ORCHESTRAL BAND of Seventy Performers.

BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS.

BAND of the ROYAL MARINES, &c., &c., &c.

ADMISSION to the OPENING CEREMONY solely by SEASON TICKETS, price Two Guineas, which may be obtained by letter or personal application at the Offices of the Exhibition at South Kensington; the City Office, 27, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; the Railway Bookstalls; and the Libraries.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 14. SHOW OPEN May 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, June 1. Prize Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N.—By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall Co., Limited.

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EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

ON WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 14TH.

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Will be Produced.

The Great American Deceptionist will also Commence a Brief Engagement on that day. Full details next week.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT

(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—THE MOUNTAIN HEIRESS, a New First Part by Gilbert A. Beckett, Music by Lionel Benson; and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; EVENINGS, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. Twice WHIT-MONDAY, at Three and Eight.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—At every

Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated Davenport Brothers, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1883.

TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from May 1st to 31st

October, 1883.

For Particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company, Euston Station, London, 1883.

G. FINDLAY,
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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order.)

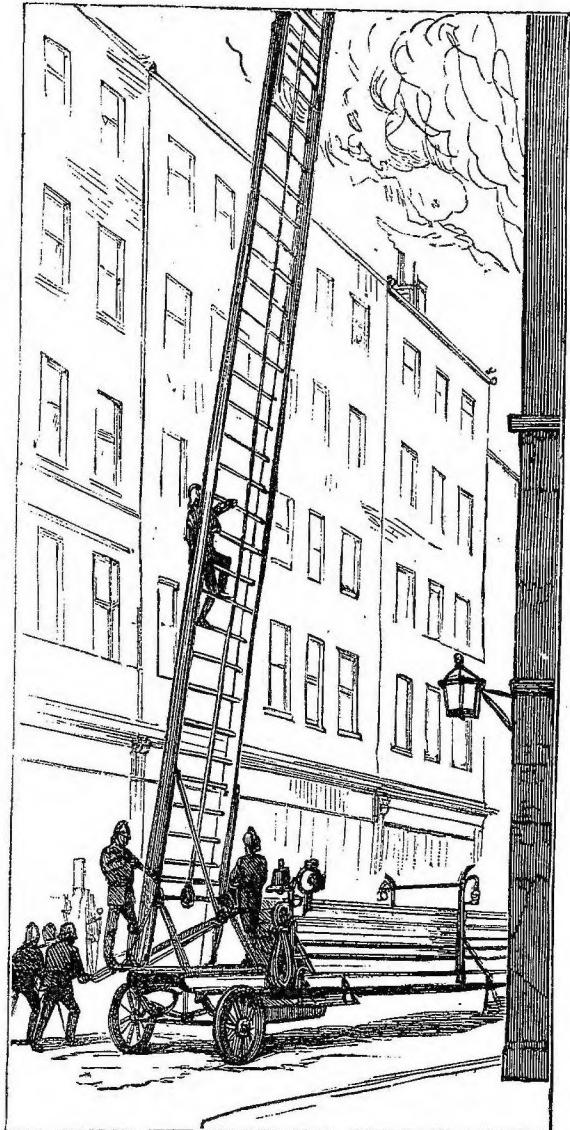
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FINE ART SUPPLEMENT of TWO PAGES, one entitled "HOMELESS AND HOMEWARDS," by John R. Reid, the other, "DON'T LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT THE DOG," by G. Crosland Robinson, both Exhibited in the Royal Academy.



THE NEW FIRE LADDER TRUCK

THIS new ladder is an American invention. The long ladder lies horizontally on the truck, and is hoisted to a perpendicular position by means of a powerful screw placed at the front or driver's end of the machine. The screw is acted upon by means of a long crank worked by four to six men. On being hoisted to a perpendicular position, the ladder can be turned and thrown in any direction, as it

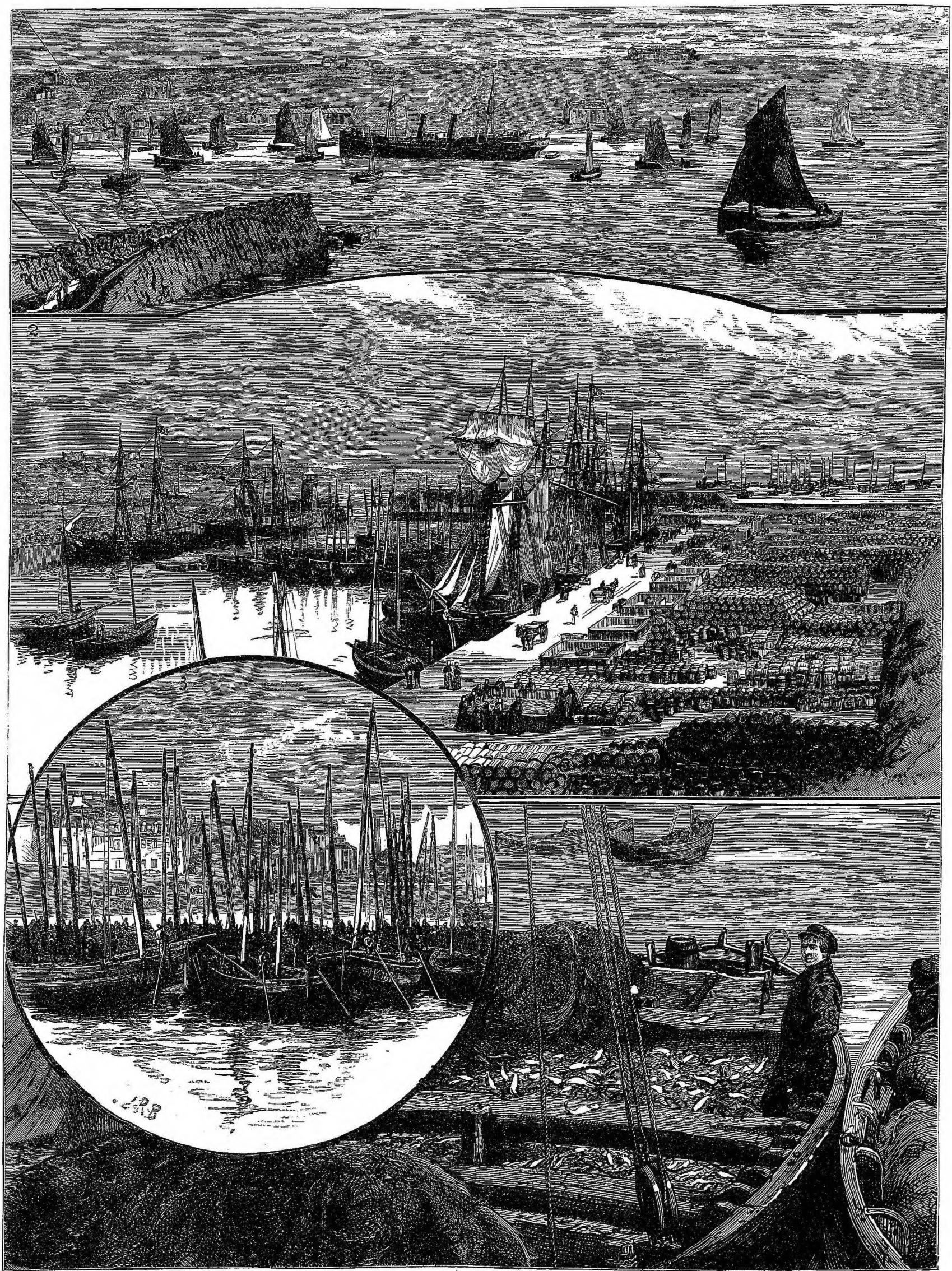


is placed on a revolving platform. The ladder also extends to the length of some eighty feet, by means of a telescope arrangement.

During the recent great fire in Paternoster Square, it was found that the warehouses were too lofty to be reached by an ordinary fire-escape, and the narrowness of the thoroughfares prevented what is known as the "fly-ladder." Then Captain Shaw telegraphed for the attendance from Southwark of the new ladder truck, above described, which the Metropolitan Board of Works has just added, at a cost of 800/-, to the machinery in the hands of the Fire Brigade, and this, drawn by four horses, was soon on the spot. By this means the chief officer of the brigade soon found that he was able to get the deliveries of water well over the top of the highest of the warehouses, and he states that without this ladder it would have been almost impossible to put out the fire for many hours. Ladders for the men to work upon could be thrown on both sides of the way at the same time, an unprecedented accomplishment, and the result of the experiment was so favourable that the Board of Works will probably add to their stock of these useful machines.

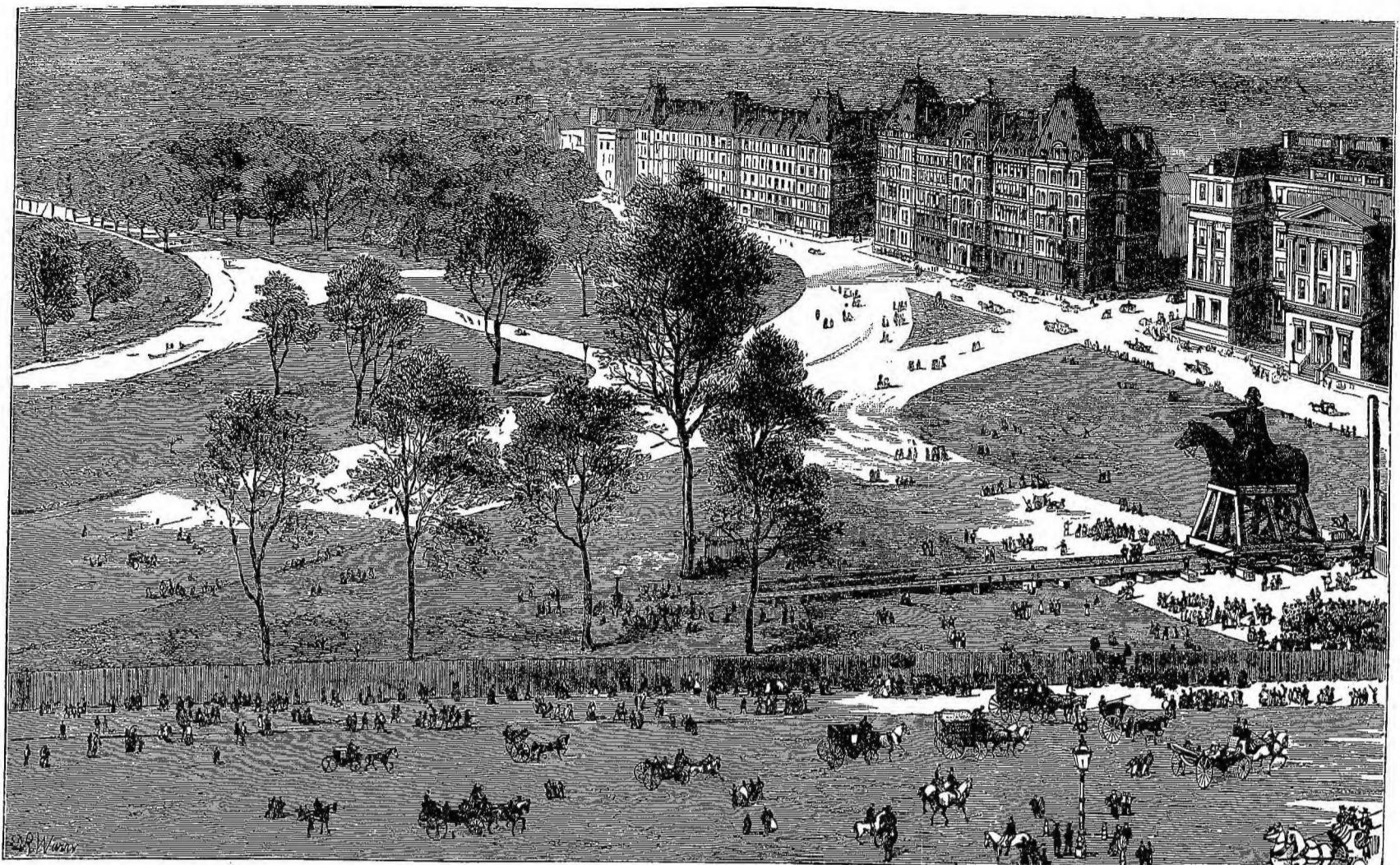
OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE new home of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in Piccadilly was inaugurated last Friday evening by a concert in the Prince's Hall, and by an inspection of the pictures by the Prince and Princess of Wales. We have already illustrated and described the exterior of the building, and in another column our art critic has fully entered into the pictorial merits of the Exhibition, so that we will merely confine ourselves to a summary of the evening's proceedings. The Prince's Hall, which is situated on the ground floor, was filled with members of the Institute and their friends, and at nine o'clock the Royal Party, which comprised the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, were received by the President and Council, and conducted to the Hall by Mr. Arthur Chappell, one of the Directors. There the concert began with the National Anthem, sung by the London Vocal Union; and then followed songs by Madame Patey, Miss Santley, and Signor Foli, and a violoncello solo by Signor Piatti, with the result of fully realising the favourable hopes which had been entertained of the acoustic properties of the Hall. At the close of the first part Mr. Louis Haghe, the President, and the members of the Council, Mr. Gregory, A.R.A., Mr. J. D. Linton, Mr. James Orrock, Mr. W. L. Thomas, Mr. Mole, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. Wimperis, Mr. J. Mogford, and Mr. Edwin Bale conducted the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other Royal visitors to the Galleries, where an address was presented by the President to the Prince, setting forth the aim and future programme



1. Wick Harbour: Boats Coming In.—2. Pulteneytown Harbour, Wick, During the Herring Season.—3. Herring Boats in Wick Harbour.—4. "A Fair Catch."

THE HERRING FISHERY AT CAITHNESS



THE IMPROVEMENTS AT HYDE PARK CORNER, AND THE REMOVAL OF THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THOMAS BROCK

E. J. GREGORY

CHARLES BELL BIRCH



ROBERT WILLIAM MACBETH

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER

FRANCIS HOLL

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE NEW ASSOCIATES

of the Institute, especially with regard to making the Exhibition free and open to all artists, and to the establishment of Free Art Schools. Of this address we published the text last week. The Royal party then went round the Galleries, carefully examining each picture, and before leaving expressed to the President their congratulations on such an excellent Exhibition. The whole audience were then admitted to the rooms.

HERRING FISHING IN CAITHNESS

ONE can now travel by rail to Wick. And it is worth a stranger's while, if he chances to be there at any time between the middle of July and the middle of September, to stroll over the suburb of Pulteneytown and see herring cured on a larger scale than he can do anywhere else. Pulteneytown harbour seems a forest of masts, with those of the dozen ships in, rising higher than the rest. About a hundred boats are seen out in the shelter of the breakwater, waiting for the turn of the tide, and altogether there are no less than a thousand boats with their five thousand men ready for the night's work.

If a herring boat is new it is almost sure to be decked, as the old-fashioned undocked boats are considered much more dangerous, cannot be insured, and can carry fewer herrings. On deck are half-a-dozen oars, and a couple of long slender poles, with one end pointed and sheathed with iron. They are used for pushing the boat out of the harbour where there is no room to row, and no wind to fill the sails. Below are the nets—forty to fifty in number, according to the size of the boat—all made of cotton dyed or "barked" to a dark brown by "kutch." When all the nets are joined together they make a "drift" about a mile in length. The boat and apparatus cost when new from 100/- to 200/-, and to be "skipper" or owner of one of these "deckers" is the ambition of most fisher-lads.

The crew consists of five or six men, of whom perhaps two or three have come from the Hebrides to be employed during the season. If wind and tide are favourable they set sail about four o'clock, and make for the open sea, or for some part inshore where good catches have been got on the previous night.

Having reached the fishing-ground, they, shortly after sunset—for it is illegal to do so before—"shoot" their nets, make them fast to the stern with the "baulk" or "head-rope," and then lower sail and mast and allow themselves to drift with the wind and tide. While they "turn in" for three or four hours' sleep, the man on watch sees that no boat interferes with the nets, and whether any herring gets into them. If he notices the corks or buoys sinking he immediately awakens his companions, but whether there are signs of herring or not hauling commences between four and five o'clock in the morning. If they find that the herring in their nets is more than they can safely carry, they signal to any of the boats about, and those which have caught little or none give them assistance by relieving them of a few nets and the contained fish. The nets are returned when they reach the shore, but the herring belongs to the rescuing crew.

Hauling used to be exceedingly hard work if the sea was rough or the catch "fair." Now the men are assisted by a machine called "the iron man."

Our engravings are from an admirable series of photographs taken, by the instantaneous process, by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., St. Swithin Street, Aberdeen. They are some of the best specimens we have seen of this kind of work.

IMPROVEMENTS AT HYDE PARK CORNER

MANY plans have from time to time been proposed for relieving the congestion of carriage traffic in the neighbourhood of Apsley House, and Mr. Lefevre, the First Commissioner of Works, has had the good fortune to carry these suggestions into practical effect. Much still remains to be done, as we shall presently show; nevertheless the new roads were thrown open to the public on the 1st of May.

The improvements may be briefly described thus (we borrow our description from the *Standard*). Where Grosvenor Place formerly passed off at right angles to Piccadilly, there is now a large triangular area, in which a road seventy feet wide sweeps round with an easy curve, so as to take off the corner of the Green Park. St. George's Hospital is flanked by a road sixty feet wide on the line of Grosvenor Place, whilst a broad area intervenes between this road and that which runs from Hamilton Place. The space thus formed is partially occupied by three triangular enclosures, the effect being to create a road seventy feet wide in continuation of Constitution Hill, and another road, of equal width, to accommodate the traffic between Hamilton Place and Grosvenor Crescent. The road up Constitution Hill will now run in a straight line up to the point where it strikes the curved highway, and it is here that the Wellington Arch will be rebuilt. The alterations have involved the removal of the Arch from its former site, and also the covered reservoir which existed close by, the latter being henceforth superseded by a reservoir at a higher level in Hyde Park. The famous equestrian statue of the Duke, though uninjured thus far by its travels, looks rather forlorn in its temporary position opposite Apsley House. It began to be lowered from the Arch on January 18th, the process being completed on February 26th, though it underwent a further horizontal journey of 150 feet on the 24th ult. It is intended eventually to remove it to a new site in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards. The demolition of the Arch itself began March 19th and ended April 14th.

A good deal more remains to be done before the final touch is given to this interesting enterprise. The enclosures have to be planted and beautified, and the Wellington Statue has to be reared on its new site.

It has been suggested that the scene of these improvements should be named Place Lefevre. We should like to honour the Commissioner, and he cannot help his name being French, but we should prefer a more British title. The above sounds as if it came straight from Paris, like the names of our new theatres, and the plots of our "original" dramas.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

MR. R. W. MACBETH

ROBERT WILLIAM MACBETH, the second son of Mr. Norman Macbeth, the Scotch portrait painter, was born in 1848. He first exhibited, at the Royal Academy in 1873, a picture called "Sunshine and Shade," and has been an exhibitor ever since. He first attracted general attention in 1876 by his "Lincolnshire Gang," a number of little children working in the fields under a gangmaster. Another picture of his which drew much attention was his "Flood in the Fens," exhibited in 1880 at the Grosvenor Gallery. His "Sheep-Shearing," now exhibiting in that Gallery, well maintains his reputation. Mr. Macbeth is also an excellent etcher, who has translated many of the works of his contemporaries on copper, and is also a Member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours in Piccadilly.

MR. THOMAS BROCK

MR. BROCK was born at Worcester in 1847, where his father was a decorator. He was educated first at the Government School of Design in that city, then came to London and studied at the Royal Academy, where he obtained both silver and gold Medals. He became a pupil and afterwards an assistant of the late J. H. Foley, the sculptor. After Mr. Foley's death he completed the numerous works left unfinished by him, the chief of these being the O'Connell Monument in Dublin. Among Mr. Brock's ideal works may be mentioned "Salmacis," "Hercules Strangling Antaeus," statuettes

of Paris and Cénone, and a large equestrian group, "A Moment of Peril," purchased for the nation by the Royal Academy. Among portrait statues may be named Richard Baxter, Robert Raikes, and Sir Rowland Hill. Mr. Brock is now engaged on statues of Sir Richard Temple, Sir Erasmus Wilson, and the poet Longfellow (the latter for the Westminster Abbey Memorial).

MR. FRANCIS HOLL

MR. HOLL was born March 23rd, 1815, in Camden Town. His father, William Holl, was in his time an eminent engraver, and was the instructor of the subject of our present notice. Mr. Holl's large engravings consist of "Coming of Age" and "The Railway Station," after W. P. Frith, R.A., and "The Stocking Loom," after Alfred Elmore, R.A. He has also engraved many chalk heads after George Richmond, R.A. For the last twenty years Mr. Holl has been employed by the Queen in engraving portraits of the Royal Family. These are all private commissions, which never came before the public. Mr. Holl also executed the engravings in Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." He was one of the artists who in 1856 gave some successful theatrical performances at the St. James's Theatre in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

MR. C. B. BIRCH

MR. CHARLES BELL BIRCH, son of the late Jonathan Birch, the translator of "Faust," and other German works, was born at Brixton, in 1832. He showed as a child great taste for Art, and, at the age of twelve, was allowed to study in the Schools of Design at Somerset House. In 1845 his father removed to Germany, and young Birch became a student of the Berlin Royal Academy, where he gained several prizes. During this period he produced his first work of importance, a bust of the late Earl of Westmoreland, British Ambassador at Berlin. In 1852 Mr. Birch returned to England, and passed through the schools of the Royal Academy. He afterwards became principal assistant to the late J. H. Foley, who subsequently named him in his will as one of the three sculptors to whom he entrusted the completion of his unfinished works. In 1864, by his "Wood Nymph," Mr. Birch gained the premium of 600/- offered by the Art Union of London for the best original figure or group. Since then up to the present time Mr. Birch has been steadily at work, and a mere list of his subjects would occupy considerable space.

MR. E. J. GREGORY

MR. EDWARD JOHN GREGORY, the son of an engineer in the P. and O. Company's service, was born at Southampton in 1850. He was educated in the Middle Class School there under Mr. David Cruickshank, who did much to encourage his artistic proclivities. He was then placed in the Engineers' drawing office of the P. and O. Company at Southampton, where he remained till 1869. During this time he attended the Southampton School of Art. He also became acquainted with Mr. Herkomer, and took part in the formation of a Life Class chiefly under his direction. He then came to London, studied at South Kensington for a few months, then took up some other mechanical decorative work for the "Department," succeeding Herkomer in this employment. He exhibited his first picture (in water colour) at the Dudley Gallery, and was then for a number of years a regular and most valued member of *The Graphic* artistic staff. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Institute. His first considerable success dates from 1876, when he exhibited, at Mr. Deschamps' Gallery in New Bond Street, a powerful picture of morning light streaming in on the host and hostess of an otherwise deserted ball-room. This work was felt to show the advent of a master. Portraits have since then formed the bulk of Mr. Gregory's works, but his delightful water-colour drawings now exhibiting at "the Institute" of which he is a member are attracting much admiration.

MR. B. W. LEADER

MR. BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER is the son of the late Mr. E. Leader Williams, C.E., and was born at Worcester in 1831. In 1854 he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, and in the same year exhibited his first picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles," which was immediately bought for 50/- by an American gentleman. Two years later Mr. Leader visited Scotland, having till then seen no hills higher than the Malverns. Since then he has become one of the most popular delineators of mountain scenery, Wales and Switzerland being his favourite sketching-grounds. Mr. Leader's works are so numerous that we will only mention some of the later ones. "A Gleam in the Storm," a large Swiss picture, and "A Summer Flood," were exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1880; "February Fill Dyke" in 1881 (the Academy wished to buy this picture under the Chantrey Bequest), "In the Evening Time There Will Be Light," and "The Banks of the Ivy, O!" in 1882, while two of the finest landscape pieces in the present exhibition, "Parting Day" and "Green Pastures and Still Waters," are from his brush.

Mr. Birch was elected at an earlier date than the other gentlemen whose portraits we publish this week.

Our portraits are from photographs: that of Mr. Brock, by the London Stereoscopic Company; Mr. Macbeth, by Farren, 13, Market Place, Cambridge; Mr. Birch, by the Graphoscope Company, Chandos Street, Charing Cross; Mr. Leader, by Francis C. Earl, Malvern.

TRAVELLING IN THE PUNJAB

SIR CHARLES AITCHISON, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, has recently been making a lengthened tour through the provinces under his charge, and our illustrations, from sketches by Lieut.-Colonel A. Harcourt, of the Bengal Staff Corps, represent some incidents of his march. Col. Harcourt states that they were taken when the camp reached the sub-montane district of Gurdurpur. The following, as usual, was enormous, and amongst the *impedimenta* were two huge reception tents, while there was a perfect canvas city of secretaries' offices, officers' quarters, and the tents of the escort—a troop of the 19th Bengal Cavalry and a company of the 45th Sikhs. The servants were sometimes hard put to for shelter, and improvised awnings made up of carpeting were here and there run up—as may be seen in one of the sketches. At Trimmu Ghāt or ferry, the celebrated spot on the Ravi where Nicholson caught up the Sialkote mutineers in 1857, and utterly routed them, the river had to be crossed in boats—a long and troublesome business for the baggage animals. "Throughout the entire Gurdurpur district," writes Colonel Harcourt, "the route lay within sight of the snowclad Himalayas, and the trees in the Punjab winter being all leafless even so late as the end of February, there were no pleasant groves in which to pitch the huge camp. But to make up for any drawbacks in the way of local scenery the air was sharp and bracing, the sun having little power even at midday."

THE ASHBURNHAM PENTATEUCH

See page 451.

"HOMELESS AND HOMEWARDS"

The pathetic element is very strong in this picture of Mr. Reid's, and it is all the stronger because the contrast exhibited is of a somewhat unexpected character. If, for example, the contrast had been between a party of wealthy ladies and gentlemen bowling homewards in their carriage and a group of ragged, wretched

outcasts on the wayside, the very obviousness of the gulf between the two classes would have spoilt the pathos. Here, however, the contrast is less between riches and poverty, than between steady from school, are only the children of hard-toiling, ill-paid peasants; nevertheless they have homes, and are going to those homes whereas the family of musicians, who are doubtless of better social status, and may be in their way respectable folk enough, are, to speak plainly, wanderers and vagabonds on the face of the earth.

"DON'T LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT THE DOG"

INDEPENDENT of its intrinsic merits, there is a sort of practical joke about this picture which ensures its popularity. Mankind have always had a hankering after forbidden fruit; advertisers take advantage of this weakness when they head one of their announcements, "Don't read this;" and the cunning painter here beguiles us in like manner. Of course we look at the lady because she has told us to look at the dog; and we incline to think, just out of contradiction, that her frank, humorous, though not over-beautiful face, is more worth gazing at than the hairy canine physiognomy below. Such being the case, we may congratulate the artist on having scored a genuine success.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 457.

WITH THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE

OUR engraving, from a sketch by Colonel Hon. J. Colborne, represents the departure on February 13th of General Hicks Pasha, the chief of the staff of the Soudan Field Force, and his officers from Souakin—the port on the Red Sea where they had landed from Suez—for Khartoum. "This," writes Colonel Colborne, "was a ride of several hundred miles through as wild a desert as there is in the world. The caravan consisted of about 150 dromedaries and camels, carrying tents, water, and provisions. A hundred and fifty Bash-Bazouks had started the day before, and as these gentlemen—though fine soldierlike-looking fellows, and probably admirable fighting material—are slightly inclined to be too free and easy in country quarters, a detachment of eighty Egyptian troops escorted Hicks Pasha and his staff. The Bedouins were reported to be prowling about the hills, so that stragglers were strictly forbidden, though nothing was seen of them during the thirteen days' march, the whole tract of desert being for the most part untenanted by man or quadruped—with the exception of the caravans occasionally travelling between Berber and Souakin. At some of the halting places water was found. Sand grouse were shot by the officers, and these, with ring doves and turtle doves, vultures and kites, were the sole occupants of the dreary waste. Berber was reached on February 25th."

SPOT WHERE SHELLEY'S BODY WAS FOUND

THE poet Shelley was fond of boating, and with his friend Captain Williams, who lived near him at Venice, was returning to their home near Lerici in new boat which he had built. A sudden storm arose, and the boat went down instantly. The body of Captain Williams, who had attempted to save himself by swimming, was found half-undressed, cast upon the beach; that of Shelley was discovered with one hand locked in his waistcoat, where he had in haste thrust a volume of Keats which he was reading. Owing to a local law, which enjoined that bodies thus cast ashore should be burnt as a precaution against plague, the families of the drowned men were compelled to consent to their cremation, and the dead were burned with much solemnity in the presence of Mr. Trelawney, Captain Shenley, Lord Byron, and Leigh Hunt. Shelley's remains were taken to Rome, and deposited near those of his little son and of Keats in the Protestant Cemetery.

This incident took place in 1822. The body was washed ashore near Viareggio, a small port not far from Spezzia. The exact spot was marked by a rude black cross, which still exists in a half-decayed condition.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dwight Benton, of 51, Via Margutta, Rome.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURES IN A FAR COUNTRY

I.

JACK EASEL, while engaged on South Sea Sketches,
Has laid aside his brushes for a spell,
When half-a-dozen nude and stealthy wretches
Disperse his pleasant visions with a yell.

II.

Responding to their startling salutation,
He very promptly springs upon his feet,
And bowing with the coolness of his nation,
The savages in frantic haste retreat.

III.

Beaming with proper pride and exultation,
He seeks the friendly shelter of his boat,
And as he journeys, frames a full narration
Of perils which he dreams are now remote.

IV.

So carrying his cheaply-gotten plunder,
He trudges on without a thought of fear,
When lo! his dandy hat, he feels with wonder,
Is borne from off his caput with a spear.

V.

Away he runs bareheaded to his vessel,
He wakes his sleepy comrade from a doze,
Then both propose a gainst all odds to wrestle,
And study means of vengeance on their foes.

VI.

But in the varied poses of the niggers
He sees so good a subject for his brush,
That, only wishful now to catch their figures,
He cares not for his former fears a rush.

The sketches from which our engravings are taken, and the above poem, are forwarded to us by Mrs. Emma F. Guy, of Maison Dieu Road, Dover.

NOTE.—The portraits of Police-Officers published last week were from photographs: that of Chief Inspector James Black, by Oldham and Cooper, New Street, Birmingham; Inspector J. G. Littlechild, by the Regent Photographic Company, 122, Regent Street, W.; Chief Superintendent Farndale, by Sarony, Scarborough; Inspector John Langrish, by A. and G. Taylor, Crown Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Inspector Dowdell by Waddington and Co., Melbourne; Chief Superintendent Williamson, by Byrne and Co., Hill Street, Richmond; Chief Superintendent George Williams, by Vandyke, Bold Street, Liverpool; Sergeant Price, by R. W. Thrupp, New Street, Birmingham; Inspector Thomas Roots, by the Regent Photographic Company, 122, Regent Street, W.; Sergeant F. Froest, by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.; and Inspector Adam Mackie, also by the Stereoscopic Company.



THE INAUGURAL BANQUET OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, with Lord Granville in the chair, and the Premier, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. John Morley among the convives, was held in the Aquarium on Wednesday. In acknowledging the toast of "Prosperity to the Club, and Health to its First President, the Prime Minister," Mr. Gladstone drew an eloquent comparison between Liberal and Conservative policy in the past, and maintained that even in the last three years much had been done, though not so much, thanks to Obstruction and other causes, as he had hoped. The most effective point made was when he showed that the present Administration, as contrasted with their predecessors, can show a net gain for the last three years of eighteen millions, which have been employed for the reduction of debt. Earl Granville was plaintive on the subject of Obstruction; and Mr. J. Morley vigorous in the assertion of his belief that "agitation was a wholesome process of national discussion," and that in proportion as the working classes made their influence felt the less would be heard of corruption in constituencies, the stronger the resistance to State connivance with immorality, and the more energetic the support given to the cause of temperance.

THE FENIANS IN MILLBANK were again examined at Bow Street on the 26th ult. Beyond evidence as to purchases by Whitehead of glycerine and nitric acid, the only fresh matter was a statement made by Bernard Gallagher to the police at Glasgow, in which he denied all connection with "either of the two schools in New York or here," or any "school" that dealt in dynamite, and declared that he could get his brother in London to tell him all, if he was not told that he was informing. The prisoners were again formally remanded for a week, though the inquiry will not be resumed for another fortnight.—From Canterbury comes a curious story of the arrival of three suspicious strangers a day or two before the enthronisation of the new Primate, who found themselves, however, so closely watched that, whatever their original purpose, they soon decamped. One of these men has now been identified by the Canterbury police from the illustration in *The Graphic* as the prisoner Wilson.—Some passing alarm has been created during the week at Northampton and Leicester by the discovery of secret stores of nitro-glycerine. At Northampton satisfactory explanations have been given, but at Leicester it is believed many pounds of the compound have been sold clandestinely, though not, so far as can be ascertained, for any political object.—A letter addressed to Mr. Forster, M.P., has been stopped in the Post Office in consequence of certain suspicions aroused by its appearance, and has been found to contain a quantity of some dangerous explosive.

In IRELAND the trial of the fourth of the Kilmainham prisoners, Michael Fagan, ended on Friday last in a verdict of "Guilty," the evidence brought in his defence only serving to strengthen the case against him. On receiving sentence he declared himself not guilty of the murder, but avowed that he was a Fenian and would die one. To Fitzharris, alias "Skin the Goat," the next prisoner arraigned, the F.A.'s this week were more propitious. The Judge summed up somewhat in his favour, suggesting that there was reasonable doubt if the carman was in the Park with a criminal intention or simply in the exercise of his calling; and the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," which the prisoner, who seems to have been in a merry mood all along, and is now said to have been a general favourite on the stand near Merrion Square, acknowledged with beaming smiles. He will, however, be tried again on other charges. Pat Delaney and T. Caffrey, the next arraigned, have both pleaded "guilty," though warned of the consequences by the Attorney-General. They did not know, they said, what was going to be done till they were brought into the Park, when their lives would have been taken had they attempted to go back. J. Hanlon having turned approver, T. Kelly, the only remaining prisoner of the first batch, will be tried for the third time on Monday.—The first examination of Sylvester Booth, with two others more recently arrested, T. Gibney, house-painter, and T. Healy, tailor, as members of a Vigilance Society for the removal of traitors, tyrants, and all obnoxious persons, took place in Dublin on Friday last. Devine, arrested last November for the murder of Constable Cox in Abbey Street, was approver, and gave full evidence of the organisation of the Society, which split, it seems, into two rival parties, a Stephenite and a Council party. To one or other of these must be ascribed the murders of Kenny, Bailey, and Kilsella; and among the tyrants to be removed were the names of Judge Lawson, Mr. Jenkinson, and Mr. Mellon. The prisoners were remanded till the 4th. A number of warrants have since been issued for the arrest of suspects, and secret inquiries continuously conducted before Mr. Curran at the Castle.

TWO MORE ARRESTS have been made at Letterfrack in connection with the murders there, for which nine men are now in Galway Gaol, and at Ennis last week the inquiry commenced into the murder league in Clare and Limerick. After evidence given by the approver Tubridy, the prisoners, fourteen in number, were remanded for a week.—The Parnell Fund, in aid of which Mr. Dawson, M.P., has just addressed an urgent appeal to the Irish over all the world, has now reached 6,000/-, in consequence chiefly of a large contribution of 2,500/- in a lump sum from Tipperary. Political collections at chapel doors have been forbidden by the Roman Catholic Bishop in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, and the turbulent Archbishop Croke has been summoned to Rome by Cardinal Simeoni *ad audiendum verbum*.—Dr. Walsh, the President of Maynooth, has been appointed to a seat in the Senate of the Irish University.—Earl Spencer, greeted in the far West respectfully, but without enthusiasm, was an interested spectator last week of the embarkation of emigrants at Belmullet, helping the children with his own hands to take their places in the boats. All felt that it was good for them to go, though the Celtic love for the old home betrayed itself in occasional bursts of sorrow. From Belmullet the Viceroy passed along the coast to Westport, returning thence by train to Dublin. About one-fiftieth of the population of the Union of Belmullet have now emigrated within the last month.

A DEPUTATION FROM THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE and the Chamber of Shipping waited last week upon Lord Granville to advocate the construction of a second canal through Egypt. In reply, his lordship acknowledged the importance of the matter, but could not commit the Government to other action than they would take in regard to any private enterprise. A meeting of leading shipowners has been announced for the 10th, to take steps to form a company for the carrying out of the work.

A TERRIBLE COLLISION, causing the loss of five-and-twenty men, took place last week in the British Channel between the *County of Aberdeen* and the *British Commerce*, bound for Melbourne, the latter vessel being struck with so much force that she went down in a few minutes with a loud explosion. The boatswain saved himself by scrambling on board the other ship, and the Captain was rescued by the *County of Aberdeen's* boat. A third man, it is said, has since been rescued among the wreckage, after thirteen hours immersion.

THE GOVERNMENT HAVE REFUSED TO SANCTION, after all, the purchase *en bloc* of the Ashburnham MSS., and we shall only get now, if we get any, those in the Stowe collection and the appendix. These, however, will comprise all the documents bearing on English

and Irish history, with the best of the illuminated MSS. and the Albani missal. The Libri and Barrois collections will be left to Lord Ashburnham to dispose of, thus avoiding all international complications.

A NEW DECORATION, to be designated the Royal Red Cross, has just been created by Royal order for special services in nursing the sick and wounded in the army and navy. It will consist of an enamelled crimson cross, edged with gold, having on its arms the words "Faith, Hope, and Charity," with the date of its institution, and in the centre the Queen's effigy, and on the reverse side the Royal cipher and crown. All nursing sisters, whether foreigners or English, will be equally eligible to the decoration.

THE MEMORIAL STONE of the new Indian Institute at Oxford was laid by the Prince of Wales on Wednesday, and after the ceremony there was a luncheon at Balfour, at which speeches were made by Lord Salisbury, Earl Kimberley, and Professor Monier Williams. The new Institute, though specially intended for the benefit of Indian Civil Service students during their residence at Oxford, will also, it is hoped, become the head-centre of Oriental studies in this country.

THE THIRTEENTH TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE of the Liberation Society has been held in London during the early part of the week. At the meeting on Wednesday evening in the Metropolitan Tabernacle the Chair was taken, for the first time in his life, by Mr. Bright, who concluded a long speech with the prediction that "the Church of England as an Established Church will perish."



THE TURF.—Though nearly half the thoroughbreds in training are located at Newmarket, it is evident that beggarly fields are the chief features at its Spring Meetings. With the exception of the Two and One Thousand, there was hardly a race worth looking at last week; but these, it must be confessed, made up to a very great extent for other deficiencies. We have already noted the close and splendid finish for the Two Thousand; and that for the One Thousand was equally exciting, the three placed fillies, Hauteur, Malabar, and Lovely only being divided by heads. Hauteur, who showed herself last year at the top of the tree among the youngsters, the defunct Adriana excepted, started favourite, and on her Fordham won his seventh victory in this race. It is a matter of great regret that the winner so injured herself in the race that it is doubtful whether she will be able to run again.—It is announced that The Prince, who has been warmly supported for the Derby, has been sold to Mr. "Adrian" for 10,000/-; but that he will remain in Blanton's stable till after the St. Leger.—This week the racing at Chester and Windsor has been very poor. The meeting at the former place, now a mere shadow of its former self, sadly lacked spirit and, indeed, animals to compete for the various stakes, though the Duke of Westminster gave it strong patronage and ran several of his horses. The once famous "Cup" only produced six starters, and not a high-class animal among them. It was won by Mr. L. de Rothschild's Biserta. In 1852, Joe Miller's year, there were 43 starters, and 29 in 1860, when St. Albans won. But since then it has gradually fallen off as a popular race. Last year, only seven came to the post, and now things have gone from bad to worse.

HUNTING.—We hope that we shall not be considered guilty of bad taste in recording under this heading the death of the Rev. "Jack" Russell, the Rector of Black Torrington, in Devonshire, and world-renowned "mighty hunter." He had nearly reached the age of four score years and ten; and perhaps, in his favourite pursuit, he had ridden more miles than any man living. He was a thorough sportsman, and excellent judge of horse and hound. No man could be more popular among an almost innumerable circle of friends of all grades of society. He was in feeling and bearing a perfect gentleman, and of so kindly a heart that it is said he never made an enemy. As a clergyman he never neglected his parish, as he took care that what he did not do himself was done well by deputy. "Other times, other manners;" and, though Mr. Russell did not exactly come up to the standard required of a modern English Church clergyman, he has passed away beloved and respected by all who knew him.

CRICKET.—The wretchedly cold weather still has the effect of keeping matters quiet in the cricket world, the only real business done being that at the Universities, where the Captains have been busy with their usual Freshmen's and Seniors' Matches. At Oxford the Seniors' Match was remarkable for the big score of 111 made by Asher of B.N.C. on Mr. Walker's side, which beat Mr. Kemp's in one innings with 67 runs to spare. Wigram on Walker's side took 11 wickets at the cost of 6 runs per wicket. The familiar name of Foord-Kelcey appears among the bowlers on the same side.—The Surrey Cricket Club seems in a most satisfactory state financially. After paying expenses it shows a balance of 5,000/- on the past year.

LACROSSE.—Inter-county lacrosse has of late made considerable progress. Middlesex and Cambridgeshire have recently antagonised on Parker's Piece at Cambridge; but though the Cambridgeshire team was mainly composed of University men, the metropolitan county was beaten.

PICKING-UP RATS.—This is a new sport or pastime which seems to find favour in America, where William Lewis recently backed himself to pick up and place in an empty whisky barrel one hundred lively rats in an hour. In an 8 feet square pit, surrounded by a 4 feet high fence, he essayed the task, got well bitten, and lost his wager, though he made a gallant attempt to win it. He got eighty into the barrel, but gave up the job when he found that he had only got seven minutes wherein to circumvent the remaining twenty.

AN INGENIOUS ADVERTISING SELL has lately victimised a good many Americans. Some charitable individual offered to supply a sewing machine for 2s. in stamps, and the money poured in upon him. He strictly fulfilled his engagement by sending a good-sized needle.

TWO THIBETAN DOGS are shortly expected in England—the first specimens of their breed ever seen in this country. They belong to the Prince of Wales, who obtained them from the well-known Hungarian traveller, Count Bela Szecsenyi. These interesting creatures somewhat resemble a very handsome Newfoundland, but are much larger, have a black to brown skin, and a curious shaggy mane, which stands out like a frill round the face, giving them a very leonine appearance. To increase this similarity the Thibetan shepherds often encircle the dogs' necks with wreaths of bristly yak's hair, stained red. The dogs are chiefly used to guard flocks and houses, and are exceedingly fierce, their wag of the tail, unlike their European brethren, signifying anger, not pleasure. As they are exceedingly precious, it is very difficult to get the shepherds to part with them, but Count Szecsenyi managed to buy three at a very high price at Batang, a Chinese frontier town. One of the dogs, however, was so terribly savage, and bit the Count so often, that he was obliged to shoot the beast, but the two others, Chandu and Zama, are less fierce, and it is hoped that the Prince of Wales may lend them to the Zoological Gardens.



M. VICTOR HUGO's new work, the fifth and last volume of his "Légende des Siècles," will be brought out in Paris on May 15th.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIOLD'S EXPEDITION TO GREENLAND starts at the end of this month in the Swedish Government vessel *Sofia*. Believing that the interior of Greenland is fairly free from ice in the summer, as the winds crossing the island are both drier and warmer after they have passed the inland tracts, the Professor intends to press into the heart of the country from Anleitsvik Fiord, on the West Coast.

THE CURIOUS FRESH-WATER MEDUSÆ, which were first noticed three years ago in the Victoria Regia tank at the Botanical Gardens, suddenly reappeared in their old haunt on Saturday morning. These jelly-fish—*Limnophidium Sowerbyi*—vanished in 1880 as mysteriously as they came, and have never been seen again until now, two months earlier in the season than their former appearance. Hundreds of full-grown medusæ are now swimming about in the tank.

TRANSATLANTIC PET DOGS are very important members of society. They have their visiting cards, ornamented with their portraits, and bearing their pet name, and the surname of the owner, they lie on the handsomest rug in the house, and drink out of artistic and expensive water vessels, while they have suitable collars for every occasion. They receive their Christmas and New Year's gifts with the rest of the family, and their birthdays are kept with strict ceremony. At least so says the American *Queen*.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE promises to be introduced first of all in Italy, apparently the most unlikely country for such political reforms. Thus the Italians propose to re-organise the provincial and district electoral laws with the view of permitting women to vote, on condition that the feminine voter shall be over twenty-one, that she can read and write, possesses full civil rights, and can pay taxes of the minimum amount of 4s. With true Southern courtesy, the authorities will spare the ladies the trouble of personal attendance at the poll, and will allow them to send their written votes in a sealed envelope to the Commissioner, on their signature being duly attested by the Mayor.

THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY would find plenty to do in Belgium, where intemperance has so increased within the last half century that the little country now enjoys the unenviable notoriety of being the thirstiest in Europe. Doctors in the hospitals say that eighty out of every 100 patients they lose die from the effects of liquor in some form or other, and no wonder, when each male adult consumes at least nine gallons per annum, and there is a drinking shop to every twelve persons. This excess acts upon the population by increasing both the number of suicides—which doubles in five years—and of lunatics, there being thrice the number of the latter in Belgium than there were thirty years ago.

THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS will probably be opened to the public about July or August. This building stands in the south-eastern corner of the Gardens, and is 120 feet long and 60 feet wide, having a large porch in front and keepers' rooms at the back. Three sides of the house will be occupied by fixed cages for the pythons and large reptiles, and the fourth will be kept for small moveable cases, while in the centre there will be a large tank for crocodiles, and two smaller for water tortoises. The Zoological Gardens, according to the latest report, contained on December 31st last 2,355 creatures, of which 750 were mammals, 1,364 birds, and 241 reptiles. Last year 849,776 persons visited the Gardens, the number of visitors being considerably larger than usual owing to the Jumbo excitement.

DISHONEST FINANCIAL OPERATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES are applauded or condemned according to the amount appropriated, and a curious classification of the different grades of theft and embezzlement is drawn up by the *Wall Street News*. Thus, taking upwards of a million is called "Reorganisation," and "Great Financiering" and "Financiering" is applied respectively to the appropriation of 500,000/- and 200,000/- When a man makes away with 180,000/- it is charitably ascribed to softening of the brain, and "Mismanagement, Misfortune, and Irregularity" are the polite terms for confiscating sums down to 120,000/- After this embezzlement becomes a sin, and comes under the head of "breach of trust, defaulting, embezzlement, peculation, and dishonesty," in a descending scale down to 10,000/-, which is credited as "a crime." To take 5,000/- is larceny, and the criminal who pockets less than 2,000/- is accused of thieving.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,635 deaths were registered against 1,755 during the previous seven days, a decline of 120, being 2 below the average, and at the rate of 21.6 per 1,000. There were 40 deaths from measles (a fall of 6), 1 from small-pox (a decline of 1), 17 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 4), 20 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 35 from whooping-cough (a decline of 5), 1 from typhus, 10 from enteric fever, being 4 below the average, 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 6), and 445 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 29, but being 75 above the average), of which 259 were attributed to bronchitis and 123 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths; 52 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,514 births registered, against 2,607 during the previous week, being 268 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45.2 deg., and 3.2 deg. above the average.

THE EVILS OF POVERTY fall, perhaps, heaviest on those who are brought to want by no fault of their own, or who, after striving all their lives to earn a living, have in old age nothing to look forward to but the workhouse, where aged husbands and wives must be separated for the short remainder of their existence. For such as these steps in the excellent and comparatively little known charity of the Homes for the Aged Poor. Here deserving poor persons above sixty years of age are provided with a room rent free, with excellent medical attention and with nursing in case of sickness on condition that their separate incomes are neither less than 4s., nor more than 6s. weekly, or 10s. conjointly in the case of a married couple. This income may be provided by the family, friends, or other charities, and is needed to ensure that the inmates are not wholly destitute. Great care is taken to admit only suitable persons, preference being given to those who have shown habits of thrift. Originally the first home was established thirteen years ago for sixteen inmates by a small private circle, but the work grew so rapidly that now there are seven homes with 103 occupants, while nearly fifty persons wait eagerly for admission. Much more could be done by extending the Homes over London were the money forthcoming, but first 5,500/- are needed to free five of the permanent Homes from mortgage. Though the houses are at present situated solely in Notting Hill, West Kensington, and Paddington, the charity is open to all districts of London, and imposes no sectarian distinctions. Thus the work is truly deserving of help, which will be received either by the Hon. Secretary, Miss S. A. Harrison, 5, Grandcarr Terrace, Anerley, S.E., or by the Hon. Treasurer, Major Boileau, R.E., 31, Ladbrooke Square. A Bazaar in aid of the Building Fund is to be held on June 1st and 2nd in the Town Hall, Kensington



THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN THE PRINCESS MARY OF TECK THE PRINCESS OF WALES

THE DUKE OF TECK THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE PRESIDENT

AND

COUNCIL OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, PICCADILLY, BY THE PRINCE OF WALES
THE ROYAL PARTY INSPECTING THE PICTURES



THE vexed question of the Triple Alliance which has so long been causing uneasiness in political circles in FRANCE was brought before the Chamber on Tuesday by the Duc de Broglie. The Duke asked the Ministry to make known the objects and conditions of the alliance or understanding which, according to statements in the Hungarian and Italian Parliaments, has been concluded between Germany, Austria, and Italy. He also invited an assurance that the alliance in no way imperilled French interests, or endangered the peace of Europe. He pointed out that while all hostility to France was disclaimed, in the event of a war, or even of a Congress, France would be confronted in a hostile spirit by Three Powers. He dwelt upon the fact that France was now perfectly isolated, and wound up with a warning that her chief interest lay in Europe and not in a "colonial empire"—a hit at the Tonquin, Madagascar, and Congo expeditions of the Cabinet. M. Challemel-Lacour replied in an ironical vein, declared that he knew nothing whatever about a Triple alliance, and that while he would not say that there had been no *rapprochement* between the Teutonic Powers and Italy, it excluded "the idea of a Treaty of Alliance or positive convention with a defined object," and, moreover, introduced no new element into European policy. Indeed, it was not more directed against France than against Turkey, or even England. With regard to the isolation of France, she could neither seek any intimacy or alliance, but would strive to live on good terms with the Powers. . . . "She meant to respect all the rights of others, and expected others to respect hers. France would be prudent and watchful." The Duc de Broglie was evidently sharply stung with the irony and some telling thrusts of his enemy, and in his rejoinder evidently lost his temper, quoted the saying of an "influential foreigner," "How can we treat with France? There is nothing and nobody," and applied to politics the expression that M. Bocher had recently applied to the finance—that during the Republican *régime* success had been replaced by failure and prosperity by deficit.

This debate has far more than a local interest, as it shows the cautious and prudent policy with regard to European politics which M. Jules Ferry and his colleagues are determined to adopt. At the same time it is felt there is some sound truth in the Duc de Broglie's strictures on the isolation of France, and on the tendency of the present Cabinet to devote too much energy to Colonial enterprise. Indeed, the only other political topic is the demand of the Ministry for a vote of 230,000*l.* for the Tonquin expedition. By this the strength of the regular troops in the province will be raised to 3,000, with an Annamite rifle corps of 1,000 strong. The vessels in Tonquin waters will also be reinforced by an ironclad, a gunboat, and a dozen smaller craft. The Deputies are told in the preamble that "a new abandonment of Tonquin would be regarded as an abdication in regions of the Far East," and in addition to the reinforcements a Civil Commissioner is to be appointed to organise a French protectorate, and to take measures for raising money for the defrayment of expenses. Meanwhile considerable uneasiness is felt as to the attitude of China, and it is said that French cruisers are carefully kept within a short distance of Shanghai and Hong Kong.

PARIS—socially speaking—has been wholly occupied with the opening of the Salon, which does not appear to differ in merit, any more than in novelty of subjects and treatment, from those of the last decade. Of the well-known painters, Leblanc, perhaps, sends the most striking picture, "The Death of General Charette." L'Hermite has sent a characteristic rural harvest subject, Bouguereau a couple of curious figure studies, one "Night," a strikingly gloomy figure, surrounded by owls, the other, "Alma Parens," represents a weird-looking woman, apparently pestered by nine naked children. M. Jules Breton has, as usual, a picturesque figure landscape; while "The Forest of Fontainbleau," by Lacroix, is an admirable woodland scene. Of figure subjects Gustave Wertheimer sends a fine "Antony and Cleopatra," Carolus Duran a marvellous "Temptation of St. Anthony," where a not over-modest lady is rising between the Saint and the altar; G. P. Laurens "A Cardinal Hearing an Inquisitor," Debret Ponson "A Study in Black and White: a Negress Shampooing a White Woman," Bertier "Women of the Harem," one of course with the fashionable peacock feather fan in her hand; Frappart another "Temptation of St. Anthony," Benjamin Constant one of his Eastern subjects, "Trader of an Oriental Bazaar;" Bastien Lepage a pair of peasant-lovers, "L'Amour au Village." There are the usual collection of nudities, including some cleverly conceived Sirens by Bertrand, and the average number of portraits, amongst which we may mention that of Mr. Morton, the American Minister, by Bonnat. Of military paintings the chief is a huge canvas of "The Battle of Bapaume," by Armand-Dumaresq; and of sacred subjects M. Morot sends a not wholly successful "Christ on the Cross," and M. Brunet a "Crucifixion," with the two thieves still in the agonies of death, and the third cross empty, but stained with the blood of our Saviour.

In EGYPT the Organic Law creating the new political institutions in accordance with the recommendations of Lord Dufferin has now been published as an official decree, and thus another Egyptian Constitution is now on its trial—this time, however, actually under British auspices. At a luncheon given on Monday to the European officials in the service of the Egyptian Government, Lord Dufferin told them that they would find in the Khédive "a sympathetic, kind, and appreciative master," and that their immediate chief, Cherif Pasha, is one of the most honourable and high-minded men he had ever known. "The task," he continued, "in which they were about to engage was arduous, but full of hope and promise, and it was impossible to believe that the machine could not be made to work." Lord Dufferin left for Constantinople on Wednesday, and, in forwarding his report to Cherif Pasha, addressed him a long letter, thanking the Ministry for their assistance, and reading them a little homily on the "unexpected opportunity" that Fortune had afforded "Egypt of working out her own salvation," and assuring them of the assistance of the British officials and people. Much satisfaction has been caused by the announcement that the Egyptian Government will pay immediately all claims awarded by the Indemnity Commission, not exceeding 200*l.*, and, in the case of professional men, claims up to 500*l.* Out of the 1,608 total claims which have been allowed, now amounting to 400,000*l.*, more than 30 per cent. are put forward by natives, 25 per cent. by Frenchmen, and less than 4 per cent. by Englishmen.

There has been a serious riot at Port Said between the Greeks and the Arab police, owing to the latter having interfered to prevent the Greeks burning Judas Iscariot in effigy at their Easter celebrations. A general *mélée* ensued, with the loss of several lives, and the Governor was at length compelled to ask the captains of H.M.S. *Iris* and *Falcon* to assist in restoring order. Two hundred Blue-jackets and Marines, under Captain Pringle, were landed, and, being received with acclamation by the populace, succeeded in quelling the disturbance without further bloodshed. The force occupied the town throughout the night. A noteworthy victory has been gained by the Soudan expeditionary force. Colonel Hicks

telegraphs that on April 29th he defeated a force of 5,000 insurgents with heavy loss, 500 of the enemy being killed, including the Mahdi's Lieutenant-General. The Egyptian loss was small; and Colonel Hicks greatly praises the gallantry of the troops under his command.

HOLLAND and SWITZERLAND have both been inaugurating exhibitions, the former an International World's Fair at Amsterdam, the latter a National Exhibition at Zurich. The King and Queen of the Netherlands opened the former with the usual ceremonies on Tuesday. As we hope to publish sketches of the proceedings from our special artist next week we will reserve our account, merely mentioning that in his address M. Cordes, the President of the Executive Committee, especially mentioned the contributions from the Prince of Wales and the South Kensington Museum. The Exhibition at Zurich is divided into two sections—one devoted to Art, situated on the New Quay; the other, which is Industrial, in the Park, near the railway station.

TURKEY is greatly exercised with regard to Armenia, and matters have been further complicated by an outbreak at Trebizond, and the re-arrest at Erzeroum of some prisoners liberated two months since, and who had been charged with conspiring against the Government. Lord Dufferin's return is looked forward to with considerable anxiety, as the whole question of Armenia and the Sixty-second Clause of the Treaty of Berlin is to be reopened. The question of the new Governor of the Lebanon is still unsettled, and it is said that the French Ambassador is once more pressing for the recall of Rustem Pasha.

In the UNITED STATES the Philadelphia Convention of the Irish Race, into which is now practically merged the Land League Organisation, passed off more quietly than had been expected, the Dynamite faction being kept well under control. There was, of course, an immense amount of oratory, and England was fiercely denounced, but there was an avoidance of any advocacy of dynamite policy, though there was an equal and most marked absence of any condemnation of the recent outrages. A Committee of Organisation was appointed to consider a programme banding together all Transatlantic citizens of Irish descent under the title of the Irish National League of America. This was duly done, and a lengthy programme was adopted, which, after reciting the evils doing of England, and declaring that she had no moral right to govern Ireland, pledged the unqualified support of the meeting—moral and material—to "our countrymen in Ireland in their efforts to recover national self-government." In order to effect this more completely, all the societies at the Convention, and "all that may hereafter comply with the conditions of admission," are declared "organised into the Irish National League of America for the purpose of supporting the Irish National League of Ireland, of which Charles Stewart Parnell is the President." The programme also holds forth bait to Irish labourers, by recommending Hibernian farmers to allow "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," and then, returning to England, urges Irishmen to purchase nothing from England which can be produced in Ireland, America, or France.

Numerous further condemnatory clauses are also included, and the attention of the United States Government is "respectfully directed" to the Irish peasants who have been reduced to abject poverty, and then "sent penniless to the United States, dependent upon American charity." The President is told that "it is the duty of the Government of the United States to decline to support paupers whose pauperism began under, and is the result of, English misgovernment, and to demand of England that she send no more of her paupers to these shores, to become a burden upon the American people." A final resolution gives a vote of thanks to the "sturdy, undaunted patriot and prudent custodian," Patrick Egan. The President of the new League is Mr. Sullivan, who distinguished himself some years since by shooting a man who had spoken disrespectfully of his wife. The general impression which the Convention has made upon the Americans is one of surprise at the orderly conduct of the meeting, and of regret at the non-condemnation of the Dynamite policy. Meanwhile the Aldermen of New York have petitioned that the date of the opening of the East River Bridge, May 24th, should be changed to the 30th, as the Irishmen have threatened to wreck the bridge with dynamite if the ceremony should be held on the Queen's Birthday—"an anniversary offensive to the Irish race."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—We hear that NORWAY is fast approaching political revolution, and that the Odelsting has decided to impeach the whole of the eleven Ministers of State. This is looked upon as war to the knife with the Crown, and as aiming at separation from Sweden.—RUSSIA is completing the coronation arrangements, but considerable uneasiness has been aroused by the discovery of a military conspiracy, for complicity in which a number of officers have been arrested.—In AUSTRIA Prince William of Germany is being fitted with great ostentation, and the photographs of himself and Prince Rudolph, with their arms round each other, are the chief pictorial features of the Vienna shops.—In INDIA both the indigo and tea crops have suffered from drought.



THE QUEEN returns from the Isle of Wight next Tuesday. The change to Osborne has done Her Majesty considerable good, as, though still unable to walk out of doors, and having to be carried up and down stairs, the Queen can now move about the room without help. The Duchess of Teck has been staying with Her Majesty, and on Sunday was present, with the Princesses Beatrice, Victoria, and Louise, at Divine Service, performed at Osborne by the Rev. Randall Davidson. On Monday night the Duchess left Osborne; and later the Bishops of Llandaff and Truro arrived, and did homage to Her Majesty on their appointment, the Queen subsequently giving audience to Sir W. Harcourt.—Her Majesty has been obliged, owing to her state of health, to give up all idea of opening the Fisheries Exhibition on Saturday, and the Prince of Wales will accordingly act on her behalf.

The Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the British Museum on Saturday, when Princess Christian concluded her visit to the Prince and Princess. In the evening the Prince and Princess dined with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone; and next day, with their daughters, attended Divine Service. On Monday night they went to the Royalty Theatre; and on Tuesday the Prince, with the Duke of Edinburgh, inspected the buildings for the Fisheries Exhibition, and subsequently left for Oxford. Here he was greeted by the University and town authorities; and, after receiving and replying to an address, drove to Christ Church to stay with Dean Liddell. After a large dinner party the Prince was present at a concert on behalf of the Royal College of Music. On Wednesday he breakfasted at Christ Church, and laid the memorial stone of the Indian Institute with Masonic honours. Returning to town, the Prince on Thursday night was to preside at the dinner on behalf of the King's College Hospital.—The next *levée* takes place on the 28th inst.—Prince George will shortly join as midshipman his new vessel, the *Canada*, which will then leave for the North American and West Indian

stations. The Prince will be accompanied by a tutor and by his great friend, Midshipman Evan Wemyss, son of the Earl of Wemyss.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh leave for Moscow on the 15th to attend the Czar's Coronation. They went to the Opera on Tuesday night.—Tuesday was the Duke of Connaught's thirty-third birthday, which was kept with the usual honours.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany, who have been staying at Versailles, are expected home to-day (Saturday).—Princess Louise is much the better for her Bermuda visit.



AT A LUNCHEON given to the clergy and newly-elected churchwardens at Canterbury the Bishop of Dover took occasion to explain away some idle rumours as to delay in his re-appointment as Suffragan. The Archbishop had never thought of dispensing with a Suffragan, but while Archbishop designate he could not issue a Commission. He was confirmed, as all remember, on March 3rd, and on Monday, the 5th, without a moment's loss of time, Dr. Parry received notice of his re-appointment to the office he had filled for thirteen years under Archbishop Tait.

THE TAIT MEMORIAL FUND, according to the statement forwarded to the *Times* by Mr. Beresford-Hope, Dean Bradley, and Canons Barry and Fleming, amounts at present to 9,000*l.*, of which 5,000*l.* will amply suffice for the contemplated monuments. Subscriptions are now invited to raise the balance of 4,000*l.* to a sum more adequate to the work which is to be done by the Tait Mission Fund.

THE PARISHIONERS OF COALVILLE, LEICESTER, took occasion last Sunday to express in a very marked way their anger with their Vicar, Mr. Williams, late of Birmingham, for proposing to hold a public meeting in favour of the Affirmation Bill. Scarcely had Mr. Williams given out his text when the churchwarden went out and rang the bell as a signal for the congregation to disperse, and some left the church at once. The Vicar stood for a while in mute astonishment, but finding that the remainder did not stir issued prompt orders to close the doors, and shut the aggravating churchwarden out. This done he proceeded with his discourse, but the meeting has been abandoned as unwise, and the Vicar will state his views in a modest pamphlet.

THE DEANERY OF WINCHESTER, vacated by the resignation of Dean Bramston, has been bestowed on the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, Senior Censor of Christ Church, Oxford, and some years ago one of the ablest and most earnest encouragers of the then new school of Modern History.—The vicarage of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, has been offered to the Rev. J. Storrs, incumbent of St. James's, Bury St. Edmund's, and curate of St. Peter's in 1873. Mr. Storrs was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated among the Senior Optimes in 1869. He was one of those who signed in 1881 the Dean of St. Paul's memorial to the Archbishops for toleration in matters of Ritual.—The Bishop of Llandaff was enthroned on Tuesday, in the presence of a large assemblage of religious and laity from all parts of Monmouth and Glamorgan. He was admitted to the cathedral by the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and formally inducted by the Archdeacon of Canterbury.

THE VERY REV. C. H. CONNOR, so recently appointed Dean of Windsor, died on Tuesday morning, in his sixty-first year. Since his appointment he has only preached in St. George's Chapel once, and once presided at a local missionary meeting in Windsor. His last official act was to take his place in the Queen's Private Chapel on the 26th of March, at the christening of the Princess Alice of Albany. He will be interred at Chertsey, where his wife lies buried.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY sailed last week for the United States after holding a series of crowded meetings at Liverpool. They return in October to organise a mission on a grand scale in London.

MR. SPURGEON has now recovered from his recent attack of rheumatic gout, and is expected to preach at the Tabernacle next Sunday.

THE NEW PRIMATE took the chair for the first time on Friday at the 182nd annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. What was wanted, he said, even more than subscriptions, was the enthusiasm which would make men give themselves to the work.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The opera selected for performance on the first night of the season was Verdi's *Aida*, which since its original production, under the management of the late Mr. Frederick Gye (June 22nd, 1876), with Madame Adelina Patti in the character of the ill-starred Ethiopian Princess, has maintained its hold upon the London public. A mere record of the fact might almost suffice, so familiar is the work, and to judge from experience, so certain of a cordial reception where the *dramatis persona* are adequately represented, as was the case on Tuesday night, when the leading parts were assigned to Madame Fursch-Madi (*Aida*), Mdlle. Stahl, one of Mr. Gye's latest acquisitions (*Amneris*), Signor Cotogni (*Amonasro*), Signor De Reszke (the High Priest, *Kamis*), Signor Scolara (King of Egypt), and Signor Marconi (*Radames*). About the first five artists there is nothing more to state than that they were at their best. The new tenor on the whole pleased the audience, and afforded promise of still better things to come. To declare, however, that Signor Marconi is a model Egyptian Captain would be to overstep the mark. He has a voice of more than average power, and declaims with emphasis and spirit; and here at present lies his chief claim to distinction. He has yet to acquire a mastery of those subtle gradations which lend to the art of vocalisation so much of its inherent charm. That he will eventually acquire them, by dint of careful study, is hoped by all who, on Tuesday night, appreciated the qualities already at his command, and applauded their exhibition with discriminating judgment. As an actor Signor Marconi can hardly fail to improve, if he devotes himself energetically to his work. He has a good stage face, a good stage figure, and in short, altogether a prepossessing appearance—advantages of no small account. The performance generally of Verdi's masterpiece was throughout effective, chorus and orchestra, under the able and vigilant direction of Signor Bevignani, aiding zealously in achieving an *ensemble* worthy an establishment like the Royal Italian Opera. About the stage management, *mise en scène*, &c., it is needless to say more than that they are now as they have been from the first. We should add, however, that Madame Fursch Madi made a lively impression in the fine duet with Signors Cotogni and Marconi (Act III.); while Mdlle. Stahl, in the scene with the priests who have condemned Radames to be buried alive in the "subterranean

hall of justice," despite the earnest and frenzied protestations of Amneris, who has loved without being loved, and who now bitterly regrets her denunciation of the Egyptian warrior, won all the sympathies of her audience, obtaining a legitimate "ovation" (whatever that may signify) at the end. In conclusion, the opening night of the season was a legitimate success, and proved emphatically not merely that Italian opera is still alive, but that while Italy can produce composers of the stamp of Giuseppe Verdi, it is not likely to die for generations to come. The utter non-resemblance between Verdi and Wagner, with whose theories and teaching the Italian musician, as is pretty well known to those who know anything about him, has not the smallest sympathy, is one of those idiosyncrasies that make him valuable to his country and to his country's art. The opera announced for Thursday (too late for notice in this impression) was Flotow's *Marta*, with Signor Marconi as Lionello; and for this evening we are promised the *Africaine*, with the return of that universal favourite, Madame Pauline Lucca. One word will suffice to state that the changes and modifications contrived in the interior of the theatre and elsewhere (reference to which was made in our last) have given unqualified satisfaction in all quarters. These are due to Messrs. Lucas, in association with Mr. Charles Barry, whose father planned and superintended the rebuilding of Covent Garden after the fire of 1855, which compelled him to take his company in the interval to the Lyceum Theatre.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the most recent of these classical entertainments two novelties were introduced. The first was a "vocal scene," entitled *Mary Stuart's Farewell*, by Sir Julius Benedict, the second an overture by Mr. Oliver A. King, chosen by the adjudicators (Sir Julius Benedict and Herr Otto Goldschmidt) from among forty-six essays of the kind which contested the prize of ten guineas offered by the Philharmonic directors. Sir Julius Benedict's "vocal scene," the work of a genuine musician, fully maintains the réputation of Weber's favourite pupil. The subject which suggested it is explained by the title. The words are "adapted" by Miss Louisa Courtenay from Mary Stuart's soliloquy in the third act of Schiller's well-known tragedy. To single out but one passage—"The Farewell to France" is in the highest degree melodious and expressive. The orchestration throughout is just what might have been expected from so experienced a pen. The work was conducted by its author, and could not have been committed to safer hands than those of our accomplished contralto, Madame Patey, who was loudly applauded, and called forward at the end. Mr. Oliver King is a very young man, residing at Ottawa (Canada), and holding the appointment of pianist to the Princess Louise. His overture shows unquestionable merit, and gives fair promise for the future. It was well played and kindly received, but at the same time led to some speculation as to the calibre of the forty-five other specimens rejected in its favour. The other overture was that to Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, one of Schumann's latest, but hardly most attractive orchestral efforts, having very little in sympathy with Goethe's charming idyll, though Schumann himself says of it: "I wrote this overture with great delight in a few hours"—five hours, according to certain of his apostles, to whom may be retorted *Credat Iudeus!* The symphony was Beethoven's magnificent "No. 7" (A major). Madame Sophie Menter, the eminent pianist, added to the attractions of the concert by her vigorous execution of Beethoven's fifth concerto, a prelude by J. S. Bach, and Liszt's "transcription" of the Wedding March from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the concert coming to an end with the last-named composer's fourth *Rhapsodie Hongroise*. Mr. Cusins was, as usual, the conductor.

WAIFS.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, after all, comes back to his old post as Ducal Capellmeister at Meiningen.—A new Teatro Casino is being erected in the Public Gardens, Venice.—At Halle, in Saxony (Handel's birthplace), 450,000 marks have been voted by the Municipal Council for the building of a new Stadttheater.

THE ASHBURNHAM PENTATEUCH

AMONG the MSS. of the Ashburnham collection which have been offered to the Trustees of the British Museum, one of the most ancient, and at the same time most curious, is the famous Pentateuch. This volume, which, however, is very imperfect, forms a large quarto, and was executed in Italy in the seventh century. From internal evidence it appears to have been removed, as early as the beginning of the tenth century, into France, where it passed into possession of the cathedral church of Tours, and remained there till quite a recent date. The text is in Latin of St. Jerome's version, and is accompanied by a series of large illustrative paintings, the greater number of which refer to Bible history, as told in the Books of Genesis and Exodus. Executed in Italy, these paintings give most interesting and valuable details of the architecture, the costumes, and the domestic manners and customs of that country at that early period. They may in composition be reproductions of still earlier paintings; but the artist assuredly followed the usual practice of representing his figures, and buildings, and other details, as he saw them in every-day life around him; and only for the more sacred characters, such as Moses and Aaron, is the traditional costume retained. In the architecture may be noted the existence of the cupola as an interesting feature. In the costume of the men of the higher ranks we see the remains of the old classical dress in the toga-like mantle, but in strange conjunction with long trousers and tall hat; while the dress of the ordinary people—the men with knee-breeches, and with long boots or barefoot; the women with long robes, hair-nets, earrings, and necklaces—is undoubtedly copied from the Italian costume of the artist's own time. By the favour of Lord Ashburnham, reproductions, on a reduced scale, of two of the paintings are placed before our readers.

The first picture carries us through the story of the first three chapters of Exodus. In the upper portion stand the buildings of the royal city, the front being occupied by the palace of Pharaoh, in the interior of which two scenes are depicted. On the left the King, seated in state on a cushioned throne, gives orders to his servants for the oppression of the children of Israel. Above his head a half-defaced inscription, which, like others in the volume, is rendered still more indistinct by having been written twice, explains that "Hic Farao rex dicit servis suis, Opprimantur filii Israel operibus ut non multiplcentur" ("Here saith Pharaoh unto his servants, Let the children of Israel be afflicted with tasks that they multiply not"), or, as our version has it, "Let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply." In front of him his servants, two of whom are black, stand ready to obey his commands: "Hic servi faciunt preceptum regis" ("Here the servants do the King's bidding"). Above them, in the part of the building surmounted by the cupola, is seen the head of the queen, "regina." The group on the right represents the scene between Pharaoh and the midwives. Here the King wears a tall hat, and is girt with his sword. The remains of the inscription above suffice to show that he is upbraiding Shiphrah and Puah for disobedience in saving the male children of the Israelites; and they are excusing themselves, as explained in the words: "Obstetrics dicunt, Non sumus sicut Egypie mulieres" ("The midwives say, We are not as the Egyptian women"). Behind them are the servants who have brought them before the King: "Hic servi obstetrics perducunt Faraoni" ("Here the servants bring the midwives to Pharaoh").

Now, taking the lower portion of the picture, we see, on the left, the children of Israel at their tasks. Below them are making bricks, working the clay, carrying it, and kneading it into the form: "Hic filii Israel opprimuntur operibus et faciunt lateres"

("Here the children of Israel are afflicted with tasks and make bricks"). Above a group is engaged on a walled city. We are told in our version that "they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses," and, with variations in the names, the inscription here announces how "Hic filii Israel edificant civitatem Lampiton et Ramesses ad preceptum Faraonis" ("Here the children of Israel build the city of Lampiton and Ramesses at the bidding of Pharaoh"). The taskmaster, "Hic superoperarios" ("Here is the foreman") stands by, dressed in a very modern-looking garb, consisting of trousers, frock-coat, and tall hat.

The second picture contains fewer subjects. In the upper portion, on the left, Moses and Aaron appear before Pharaoh; on the right, they again stand in the presence, accompanied by the officers of the children of Israel (Exod. v. 15), whose complaint is contained in the defaced inscription above them: "Filii Israel clamant ad Faraonem, Quare sic agis cum servis tuis" ("The children of Israel cry unto Pharaoh, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?") Below is an animated scene of the Israelites making bricks, bringing in stubble, the substitute for straw, and directed and beaten by their taskmasters. The cities of Pithom and Raamses occupy the two lower corners. On the left, Moses and Aaron appeal to the Almighty, whose presence is indicated by a hand issuing from a cloud: "Moyses et Aaron dicunt Domino, Quare non liberas populum tuum?" ("Moses and Aaron say unto the Lord, Wherefore deliverest thou not thy people?")

The rest of the picture is composed of scenes from the life of Moses. The finding of the child is represented at the foot. On the bank of the river, "flumine," Nile, stands Pharaoh's daughter with her attendant maidens, and orders the little foundling, just rescued from the ark of rushes, to be cared for: "Hic filia Faraonis precipet nutriri sibi Moyses" ("Here the daughter of Pharaoh Ordereth Moses to be nursed for her"). The little sister, "soror Moysis," hands the infant "Moyses" to the mother, "mater Moysis." Above, in the middle of the picture, Moses is seen burying the body of the Egyptian whom he has slain: "Hic Moyses obiit Egyptium in arena quem occidit de calce" ("Here Moses burieth in the sand the Egyptian whom he slew"); and again, above this, the two Israelites are seen fighting and Moses interfering, with inscriptions: "Hic ubi rixant filii Israel, et dicit Moyses, Quare rixatis" ("Here is where children of Israel strive together, and Moses saith, Wherefore do ye strive?"), and "Hic Moyses dicit, Quare rixatis" ("Here saith Moses, Wherefore do ye strive?"), and "Hic vixant filii Israel et dicunt ad Moyses, Quis te constitutus judicem nobis" ("Here children of Israel strive together and say unto Moses, Who made thee a judge over us?") The scene is then transferred to the Land of Midian, where the daughters of Jethro, "filiae Jotor," stand at the well, and their sheep are watered by the fugitive: "hic Moyses ad aquat oves Jotor," ("Here Moses watereth the sheep of Jethro"); while above are seated two of their enemies, the shepherds, "pastores." And lastly, on the right, is the burning bush, with the hand of God issuing from it: "Hic vocat eum Dominus de rubo dicens, Moyses, Moyses" ("Here the Lord calleth unto him out of the bush, saying, Moses, Moses") : and in front of it is Moses, who has laid aside his shoes, and is covering his face with his hands: "Hic Moyses abscondet faciem suam" ("Here Moses hideth his face").



THE revival of *Youth* at DRURY LANE Theatre lays claim to some degree of novelty by reason of the pains that have been taken to give freshness to its incidents and allusions by certain changes here and there. Less than three years have elapsed since this showy spectacular drama was produced on the vast stage of Mr. Augustus Harris's house; but that is quite long enough to effect a change in the currents of public interest; and it seems to be a settled maxim of dramatists that what is most familiar is, as a rule, best for their purposes. Accordingly the recent war in Egypt now takes the place of the war in South Africa, and the great fight is not at Rorke's Drift—faintly disguised under the name of "Hawke's Point"—but at Tel-el-Kebir, which is easily recognisable under the name of "Tel-Kassin." There have been some other changes of a minor kind, together with some improvements of obvious defects in the story which the authors have wisely reconsidered. Altogether *Youth*, though it dare make no great claim to literary merit, and is not for a moment to be compared with such a piece as *The Silver King* at the Princess's, is an effective vehicle for the scenic display and the bustling incidents which are manifestly regarded as of primary importance at Drury Lane. There have been changes in the cast which are not all for the better; but the drama is still efficiently played. Mr. Harris continues to represent in a spirited and picturesque fashion the long-suffering but always gallant and defiant hero; and Mrs. Alfred Maddick plays the part originally assigned to Miss Litton. With these and Mr. Ryder for the serious business of the play, and Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Jackson for the comic parts, there is no cause to complain of the interpretation which it receives; and it seems to be very far from having exhausted its popularity.

A confused and rather wearisome historical play was brought out at a matinée at the STRAND Theatre last week with the title of *Vera*. Its author, Mr. O'Neill, has not yet acquired the art of setting forth a story in a way to arouse interest and curiosity in the fortunes of his leading personages; and the scenes designed to illustrate life in the Netherlands under the cruel reign of the Spaniards thus lost any effect they might have had as a sort of background to the picture. Miss Ada Swanborough, though somewhat out of place in the character of a heroine of seventeen, yet played with spirit and cleverness. Mr. Pennington enacted in a rather heavy style the part of a middle-aged Flemish patriot much persecuted by his Spanish oppressors.

Mr. Pennington's matinée at the GAIETY on Friday is chiefly noteworthy by reason of the appearance of his patron, the Prime Minister, together with Mrs. Gladstone, among the audience. These distinguished visitors, however, were unable to wait for the great feature of the occasion, which was the recital by Mr. Pennington of Sir Francis Doyle's poetical description of the battle of Balaclava. Mr. Pennington, who was at one time in the army, being one of the survivors of the celebrated Six Hundred, wore on the occasion the uniform of his former regiment.

The authorised English version of M. Sardou's *Fédora*, prepared by Mr. Herman Merivale, and long in preparation, will be produced at the HAYMARKET this evening. Mr. Coghlan and Mrs. Bernard Beere play the leading parts. By way of introductory piece the management have chosen Mr. C. M. Rae's comedietta entitled *First in the Field*, in which Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Tilbury, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Carne will appear.

A new and popular feature has been added to the brilliant attractions of *A Trip to the Moon* at HER MAJESTY'S in the shape of dances by Mlle. Limido, a highly accomplished *danseuse*, whose triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera are not forgotten.

An amateur performance is to be given at TOOLE'S Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next in aid of the funds of the International Literary Association. The principal amateur performers will be

Miss Mary Dickens, Sir Charles Magnay, and Mr. Henry Dickens. Mr. Toole will, moreover, give a recitation. It is expected that the Prince of Wales will be present.

The customary Shakespeare celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, which was brought to a close on Saturday evening, appears to have been in every way successful. *The Merchant of Venice*, *Lear*, *Henry IV*, and *Macbeth* have been performed in the elegant little theatre built within sight of the spot on which the poet's residence stood—Mr. Creswick being the leading actor. Good audiences attended on every occasion, and on Sunday at the parish church the Rev. Frank Smith preached to a large congregation, making many references to the genius of the poet who has made the little Warwickshire town famous for all time throughout the world.

Mr. Freeman Wills, whose new domestic drama entitled *Pul Asunder* is to be produced at a matinée at the GAIETY on May the 28th, is a clergyman of the Church of England, and a brother of Mr. W. G. Wills. He has already made some contributions to the stage. Miss Wallis will play the part of the persecuted wife, who is the heroine of the piece.

The title of Mr. Arthur Law's new piece in preparation at TOOLE'S Theatre is *A Mint of Money*.

The next novelty at DRURY LANE will be a romantic drama written by Mr. G. F. Rowe and Mr. Augustus Harris. Mr. Rowe will be remembered by playgoers as an American actor who was very popular in London in the character of Micawber some years ago.

Mr. John Clayton's next venture at the COURT Theatre will be a revival of the picturesque and interesting drama of Russian life known as *The Danichiffs*. He will sustain his original part of Osip, in association with his powerful company, of which Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Conway (temporarily absent from the Haymarket), Miss Louise Moodie, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Marion Terry, and Mr. H. Kemble are leading members.

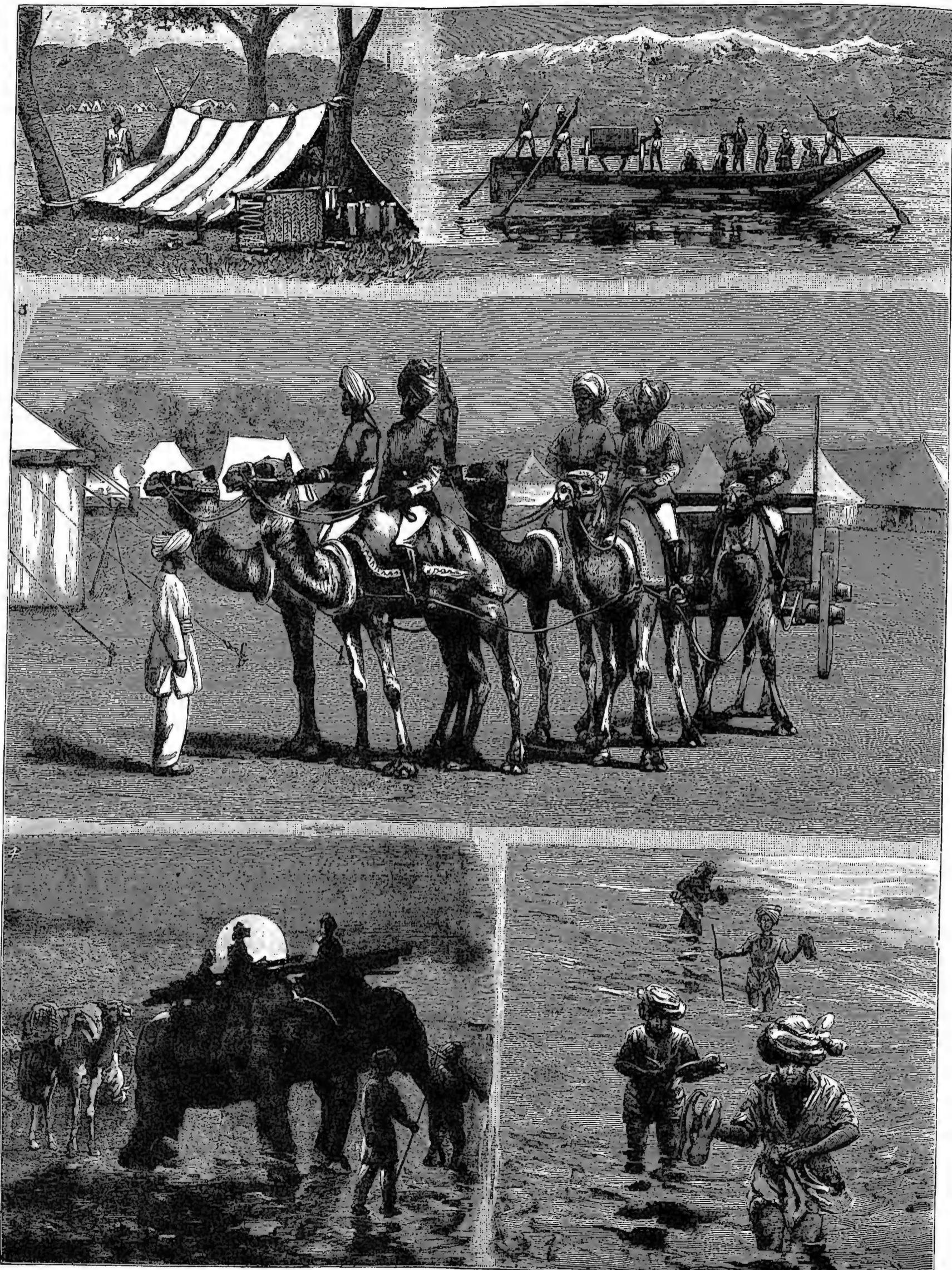
Thought-reading is certainly one of the most popular mysteries of the day. Some clever illustrations of this perplexing mode of divination were given by Mr. Alfred Capper, an entertainer new to the London public, on Monday night, in the Banqueting Room of St. James's Hall. Following in the steps of Mr. Irving Bishop, Mr. Capper set himself blindfold both to find the seat of an imaginary pain thought of by one of the audience, and to discover the places touched by a pin, and finally the pin itself, secreted during his absence from the room. It was curious to notice that Mr. Capper comparatively failed in these experiments with one gentleman, but was entirely successful in both cases with another subject in a very few moments, aided by no other guiding power than the concentration of the gentleman's thoughts on the places touched and his hand tightly held on Mr. Capper's forehead. Though these were undoubtedly the most interesting experiments of the evening Mr. Capper further entertained his audience by some dexterous sleight-of-hand, recitations, and a dramatic sketch after the fashion of Mr. Corney Grain. Young as he is, Mr. Capper's pleasing manners and good voice augur for him a successful future in this branch of public amusement.



WHILST the House of Commons in its aggregate capacity has been able to sustain the burden of a whole week of Mr. Bradlaugh, the Speaker has given in. After retiring on Thursday of last week, the adjourned debate having lasted for seven hours the flood gates of interminable talk on this troublesome subject, the Speaker was taken very ill. On Friday he was not in his place, and for a full week the burden has fallen upon Sir Arthur Otway. The illnesses of the Speaker are happily so rare that the Deputy Chairman of the House has few opportunities of realising what an immense difference it makes to him. It means a constant occupancy of the Chair from four o'clock till whatever hour in the morning the House may adjourn. In ordinary cases, when the Session is in full swing, the Speaker is frequently relieved in the course of a sitting by the House going into Committee. With the Speaker away the Chairman has to do all the work single-handed, popping from chair to chair according as the House is in full Session or in Committee.

On Monday night Sir Arthur Otway broke down under this strain, and brought on a catastrophe which threatened to wreck his reputation on the threshold of what is still a young career. Although the whole time of the House of Commons is from day to day given up to discussion of the Affirmation Bill, there really is business of the nation that must be advanced. Of this is the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, which has stuck in Committee for a fortnight. On Monday the urgent necessity of making progress with this financial measure suggested the necessity of cutting short the delights of the Bradlaugh debate as early as midnight. The Opposition, in strict fulfilment of their duty, which is to oppose, took objection to this course, which, as was observed at the time, was a little odd, seeing that the habitude of the Opposition is to protest against prolongation of a debate on a Government measure, and bring about the adjournment at the earliest possible hour. Perhaps the best way to secure the adjournment would have been for Ministers to implore the Opposition to permit the debate to be extended into the morning hours. Indignation would straightway have been excited along the Conservative benches, the Government might gracefully have yielded, and so got the debate adjourned and other business forwarded. That, however, did not occur to them. They took the humdrum course of assenting to the adjournment at midnight, when moved by Mr. Walter, and instantly the benches opposite were afire with wrath at this attempt to stop free discussion.

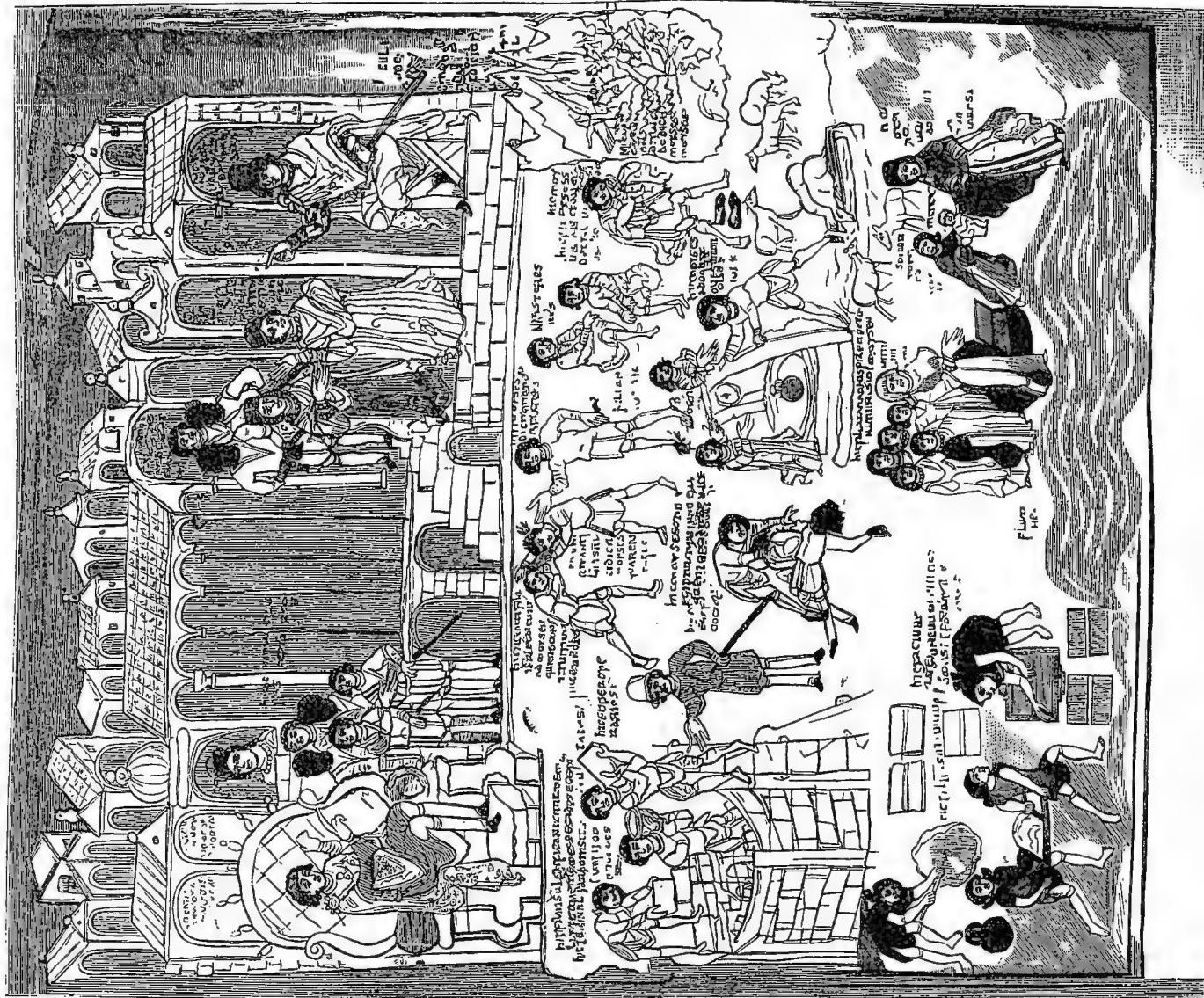
The Conservatives, however, when it came to the test would not take on themselves the responsibility of openly obstructing business by keeping the discussion on the adjournment going till half-past twelve. When the question that the debate be adjourned was put from the chair they were silent, with the more ease to their consciences, since some of the most reckless of the Irish members had now taken up the cue, and objected to adjourn. Mr. Biggar persisted in crying "No!" when the Deputy Speaker declared that on the question of adjournment "the Ayes had it." Sir Arthur Otway thereupon took a highly perilous course. He did not hear Mr. Biggar's solitary cry, declared the motion carried, and the House forthwith went into Committee on the Inland Revenue Bill. It must be a very young Chairman indeed who supposes that the Irish members were to be disposed of in that way. On the contrary, here was a serious irregularity committed, good for at least an hour's wrangling, and Mr. Biggar, who before had been almost alone, was now, in these highly favourable circumstances, joined by his compatriots, who insisted upon progress being straightway reported in order that the Deputy Chairman might come back and explain his conduct. From first to last it took an hour to settle this matter. The unfortunate Deputy Chairman was brought back, explained, and apologised for his mistake, and the storm subsided. It was now one o'clock in the morning, too late to discuss the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill. The spirit of obstruction once roused, and only half satisfied with this encounter, disported itself over the Orders of the day, disputing every attempt to make the slightest progress, and keeping the House sitting till two o'clock in the morning, when Ministers and the few members who remained went home a little angry at the reflection that for all practical purposes



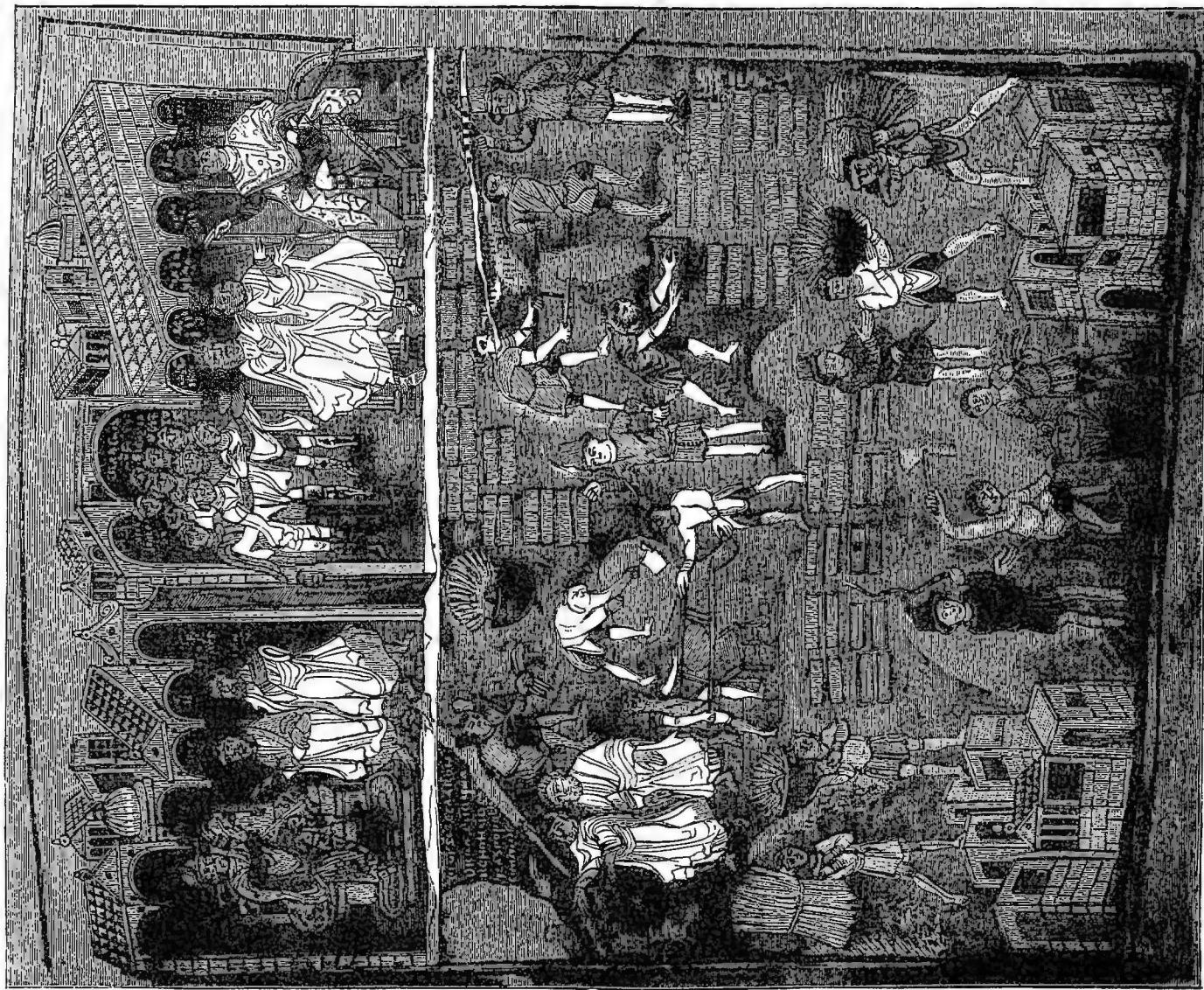
1. Rough Shelter Run Up by Servants.—2. Sir Charles Aitchison and his Party Crossing the Ravi at Trimmu Ghât.—3. The Governor's Coach and Six.—4. Marching by Night.—5. Fording a River: Shallow Water.

TRAVELLING IN THE PUNJAB

NOTES DURING A RECENT TOUR BY SIR CHARLES AITCHISON, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB



MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH; AND OTHER SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF MOSES



PHARAOH GIVING ORDERS FOR THE OPPRESSION OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL—PHARAOH AND THE MIDWIVES
—THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL AT THEIR TASKS

THE ASHBURNHAM MANUSCRIPTS — DRAWINGS FROM THE PENTATEUCH OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY
THE STORY OF THE FIRST FIVE CHAPTERS OF EXODUS

they might as well have turned down the gas and shut up the chamber at twelve o'clock, when the motion for the adjournment was originally made by Mr. Walter. In the two hours that intervened absolutely nothing was done beyond the formal advancement by a stage of a Bill in charge of Sir C. Dilke, and this was conceded only upon the solemn assurance that on the next stage full opportunity should be provided for debating everything that was now agreed to.

Of the debate on the second reading of the Affirmation Bill nothing useful is to be said, except that it has occupied so many nights and has given occasion for the utterance of so many hundred thousand words. Once, on Thursday in last week, Mr. Gladstone listed it out of the level of ill-temper, exaggeration, and reiteration, along which it has constantly flowed. His speech delivered on this evening is admitted, alike by opponents and friends, to be one of his greatest parliamentary efforts. Whilst still under the spell of his eloquence it was believed that the speech would influence many votes. Doubtless it would have done so had it been possible to divide forthwith. But in the interval that has elapsed members have returned to their old grooves of thought and conviction, and voted on Thursday as they would have voted last Monday week had the division been taken as soon as the debate opened. Lord Randolph Churchill has distinguished himself by delivering a speech of curious profundity, in which he displayed a quite astounding familiarity with the Early Fathers and with the authorities of Constitutional Law. But, on the whole, this new departure was not a success. The House, which had come to be amused, would not remain to be bored, and the audience, full at the commencement, had grown scanty at the close. In truth, with the exception of the hour and half when Mr. Gladstone was speaking, the House of Commons has been persistently empty during this prolonged debate. Members tenacious of freedom and fulness of speech would, as they were on Monday, be shocked by a proposal to curtail the debate by an hour, nevertheless they won't remain to take part in it.

This insatiable subject has not only absorbed Government time for a fortnight, but on Tuesday it swallowed up a private members' night. Mr. Hopwood had obtained the first place on the agenda of the evening, for his motion denouncing the Vaccination Laws. The debate had more than usual interest, in consequence of what happened on Friday in last week in succession of the Friday previous. On the first day named Mr. Stansfeld had succeeded in winning the battle long fought around the Contagious Diseases Act. On Friday last Sir Wilfrid Lawson had gained the fight, still longer raging, round Local Option. There was a perhaps well-grounded apprehension that the Government, having yielded on these two points, might make the Vaccination question an "open" one, with fatal results. This was settled by the night being appropriated for the debate on the Affirmation Bill. Now that this ogre is temporarily put out of the way, it is expected that public business may again go forward, though there remains only one week before the Whitsun recess in which to bring up arrears to date.



THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS
I.

THE opening of the First Exhibition in the spacious gallery that has recently been erected in Piccadilly marks the commencement of a new era in the history of this Society. Relinquishing the exclusive system that has prevailed since its formation, more than half a century ago, the members no longer confine their Exhibition to their own works. Henceforth their Galleries will be open to all water-colour painters whose works reach the required standard of merit; and in addition schools for the education of students in the various departments of water-colour painting will shortly be opened, in which instruction will be given by the members of the Institute. All that the Royal Academy has done for oil painting and sculpture, the Institute hopes ultimately to do for Water-Colour Art. So large a number of able drawings were sent by outsiders, that, although the wall space is very large, a rather high standard for admission has been fixed. Of the nine hundred works comprised in the collection, very few are unworthy of notice, and some among them, by unknown and presumably young artists, display great ability.

Mr. J. D. Linton, who has lately devoted most of his time to oil painting, sends a very large and highly-finished drawing. It is called "The Admonition" (484), and represents a priest of the fifteenth century apparently threatening with excommunication a party of strolling players. We have seen pictures by the painter more dramatic in treatment than this, and more expressive, but none displaying so complete a command over the technicalities of the art. The colour throughout the picture is of exquisite quality, and the workmanship masterly. Mr. Charles Green's drawing of a party of girls offering for sale "Apples, Oranges, Bill o' the Play" (496) at the doors of a theatre is a characteristic scene of London life as it existed about fifty years ago. The figures are life-like, and are drawn and painted with the painter's accustomed skill and knowledge. His power of rendering character and his sense of humour are, however, better exemplified in a second picture, showing "Gabriel Varden Preparing to Go on Parade" (583). The uniform pink colour of the flesh might advantageously be modified, but the scene is dramatically set forth, the figures being expressive in their movements, and animated. Mr. John Tenniel contributes a drawing, full of highly-wrought and appropriate detail, of "Don Quixote Making Ready His Armour" (365), somewhat opaque in colour, but full of character, and faultless in design; and Mr. Seymour Lucas a broadly painted and effective drawing, called "A Tale of Edgehill" (401), showing a Parliamentary soldier recounting his exploits.

Mr. Edwin Bale's sound method and fine sense of colour are shown in several drawings, among which "Wanderers" (41), representing a party of Italian minstrels surrounded by geese in a churchyard, and a very gracefully treated half-length "Portrait of a Florentine Lady" (787), are especially noteworthy. Mr. Hugh Carter's drawings also seem to us greatly in advance of his previous work. His "Fish Cellar, St. Ives" (66), with a group of characteristic figures, is strikingly true in effect, broadly painted and in perfect keeping; while his very picturesque little "Interior of a Net Loft, St. Ives" (472), is remarkable for its truthful illumination and sober harmony of tone. In these and several other excellent drawings by Mr. Carter the influence of Josef Israels is to be seen. By Israels himself there is a very picturesque Dutch cottage interior with many figures, all true in character and naturally grouped. "The Frugal Meal" (379), and a smaller drawing, almost equally good, of a girl by a cottage window, "Waiting" (746). These, like all the eminent painter's works, are melancholy in sentiment and sombre in tone. Another Dutch painter, Gerke Henkes, who has evidently founded his style on that of Israels, sends a very artistically treated interior with a single figure, "Graziella" (237).

Mr. E. J. Gregory sends many small drawings differing from each other greatly in method as well as subject. The most elaborate of them, "The Sanctum Invaded" (325), shows a little girl absorbed in her book with a screen behind her, over the top of which a servant girl is seen polishing a mirror. The positive red colour of the chair in which the child is ensconced needs the admixture of a little yellow to be in perfect harmony with the rest, but in every other respect the picture is in excellent keeping. As regards

accuracy of design and finished beauty of workmanship it could scarcely be surpassed. Not less refined in style than this or less technically complete are the two small river scenes enlivened with many figures, "Macfarlane's Geese" (324), and "Boulter's Lock" (754). Mr. Gregory's other contributions are out-door studies in Italy painted apparently directly from nature. They are full of local colour, and much more suggestive of atmosphere and space than his small oil pictures of similar subjects. Mr. F. W. W. Topham's picture of a graceful Florentine girl passing under an arch with a copper water-pot on her head, "From the Well" (298), is a fair example of his work, but we prefer his brighter and less conventional coast scene with figures, "Sea Urchins" (733). Mr. G. Clausen's small drawing (417) of an old shepherd carrying in his arms a young lamb by the faint light of early morning, besides being strikingly true in rustic character, is remarkable for its breadth of style and sober harmony of colour.

Mr. E. Abbey, an American artist, is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to the Institute of which he has very recently become a member. The simple domestic incident in his only contribution, "The Widower" (473), is depicted in a charmingly fresh and unconventional manner. The three figures are so well characterised and so natural and unaffected in their gestures that the scene impresses the spectator with a vivid sense of reality. The general tone of the picture is agreeable, and though all its subordinate features as well as the figures are painted with extreme care and imitative skill, the whole is in excellent keeping. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whom we have hitherto known only as an oil painter, sends many excellent drawings. The first in order, representing the deck of a "P. and O. Outward Bound" (109) crowded with figures, is a good example of minute and accurate draughtsmanship, but his rare power as a colourist is better shown in several river scenes with picturesque craft—in "Holy Haven" (117), for instance, and in the larger "The Kenley Discharging" (364). These works are more true in atmospheric effect and infinitely more luminous in tone than anything that Mr. Wyllie has produced before. By Mr. John White there are several small pictures of rural life, true in character and entirely free from the excessive blackness observable in his oil pictures. "The Wayside Rill" (596), with a girl drawing water, seems to us in many ways the best of them, and especially as regards colour. The warm glow of evening light which suffuses the scene is admirably rendered. A large upright drawing by Mr. Walter Langley, another new member, called for no obvious reason "Wandering Thoughts" (105), represents two fishing girls in a narrow lane. Though not free from crudities of style, it displays great ability. The figures are characteristic and natural in movement, and every part of the picture is painted with realistic force. There is a very much better picture by this artist in the collection that we shall notice later. Mr. J. MacWhirter sends a large drawing (253) of slender birch trees on an eminence overlooking the sea, identical almost with an oil picture that has already appeared; and Mr. Colin Hunter, who has recently joined the Society, a large and rather sketchy sea-view, "Mona Shore" (885), full of movement and surprisingly vigorous.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE present Exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery in New Bond Street is rather less interesting than those of former years. Most of the able artists whose works we have been accustomed to find here are exhibitors, but many of them, including Mr. Millais, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Frank Holl, and Mr. W. B. Richmond send only portraits. Many of these, it is needless to say, are works of rare merit. Mr. Millais has never produced anything better in its way—more refined in style, or more masterly than his half-length of "The Duchess of Westminster," who, simply attired in black, is represented standing an attitude of combined dignity and grace. The life-like portrait of "Master Freeman," a boy standing with his hand on the head of a black poodle, is another admirable example of this artist's work. Both these pictures are excellent in colour, the local tints being of the finest quality and most artistically disposed. Mr. Millais' third picture, representing a little rustic girl with flaxen hair and light blue eyes standing with a letter in her hand "For the Squire," cannot perhaps be rightly characterised as a portrait. Though not the best work of the class that he has produced, it is charmingly child-like in character and splendidly painted. Mr. Richmond's portraits are very numerous, and of very unequal value. The best of them, beyond all comparison, is the large full-length of "Miss Nettie Davies," who is represented lying under a tree with a large dog at her feet. The head, which is distinguished by refined beauty, is admirably modelled, and the picture throughout is treated in a large and simple style. It is sombre in colour, and free from the crudity which detracts so much from the value of many of the artist's portraits. Among Mr. Herkomer's contributions the most noteworthy are a very gracefully-treated portrait of "Mrs. Stanford," and a half-length rather larger than life of "Herr Joseph Joachim" holding his violin, rather monotonous in colour, but full of individuality, and painted with surprising vigour. Mr. Alma-Tadema is not seen to most advantage in life-sized works, but his head of "His Excellency Count von Bylandt," despite its porcelain-like smoothness of surface, is finely modelled and expressive. Mr. Holl sends several portraits in his usual robust and masterly manner, of which the half-length seated of "Ernest Hart, Esq.,," strikes us as the best. Mrs. Louise Jopling's portrait of "Miss Ellen Terry as Portia," notwithstanding the rather garish colour of the red robes, which might easily be modified, is entitled to high praise; it is remarkable as well for its broad and effective treatment and firm handling, as for its fidelity as a likeness. Mrs. J. Collier's "An Artist at Work" too, although it wants subordination and keeping, is full of vitality and thoroughly unconventional in treatment.

"How Long?" is the title of a large picture, by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, representing a lady in mediæval attire standing by a window in a despondent attitude. There is much beauty in the head, and, as well as the finely-formed figure, it is drawn and modelled with great skill and knowledge. We have seen nothing by the painter so cultivated in style as this or so artistically complete. His smaller work, "Exotics," shows also great ability, but the crude green foliage which forms the background to the lady's head is a discordant element. By Mr. Val Prinsep there is a head of a thoroughly Oriental type, "Miriam, the Slave," most elaborately finished; and by Mr. Calderon, a small nude female standing by a river, "Deep in the Shady Sadness of a Vale," rather opaque in colour, but pure in design, and carefully modelled. A quaint and characteristic picture of life on the French coast, "Return from Confirmation," showing several maidens in white muslin carrying their shoes as they trip with bare feet across the wet sand, is the best work that we have lately seen by Mr. P. R. Morris. The figures are animated, and the peculiar effect of light is truthfully rendered. The subject might, however, be quite as effectively treated on a smaller scale. A picture of considerable size, by Mr. G. H. Boughton, "The Peace-Maker," represents a pastor of the old school rebuking a well-favoured but shrewish Friesland woman for quarrelling with her husband, who is seen sulky lolling against a tree in the background, with his pipe in his mouth. The figures are characteristic and humorously expressive; but the sickly green tint which pervades the picture is as disagreeable as it is untrue to nature. Mr. G. Clausen's picture of two comely girls at work in a hay field is fresh and unconventional in treatment and exquisitely pure in colour.

Mr. E. Burne Jones is represented by two large allegorical pictures in his usual style, and a small highly-finished portrait. In "The Wheel of Fortune" the blind goddess, clad in drapery of harsh metallic hue and rigid unyielding texture, stands languidly

turning a large wheel, on which are bound mortals of not more than half her size. Her figure is stately, and there is much beauty in her passionless face, but the artist's power is most distinctly shown in the splendid draughtsmanship and fine modelling of the nude figures. Less harsh in manner than this and very much more harmonious in colour is Mr. Burne Jones's second picture, "The Hours." Six sumptuously attired maidens, intended apparently to typify various periods of the day, are here sitting in a row on a richly inlaid marble seat. It is not easy to discern the symbolic significance of some features of the work, but there can be no question as to the rare beauty of the serene and expressionless heads, or the artistic skill with which the varied rich and glowing tints of the draperies are combined. The small portrait of "Philip Comyns Carr," a little boy with a sad and prematurely thoughtful expression on his small face, though conventional and quite unreal in colour, is modelled with unsurpassable elaboration and completeness. A good example of the work of the veteran French artist, Léon Glaize, "A Greek Artist," representing a girl in classical attire painting, should be noticed; and a small nude "Study," instinct with vitality and painted in his usual masterly manner by C. Van Haanen.



A VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER was returned last week at the Shropshire Assizes in the case of Eliza Mayos, found guilty of having cut up the body of her step-daughter, Elizabeth Mary Mayos, and cast her head and legs into a pond and the rest of her body into the Severn. The husband, Thomas Mayos, was also found guilty as an accessory after the fact. Sentence of twenty years' penal servitude was passed upon the wife, and of eighteen months' hard labour upon the husband.

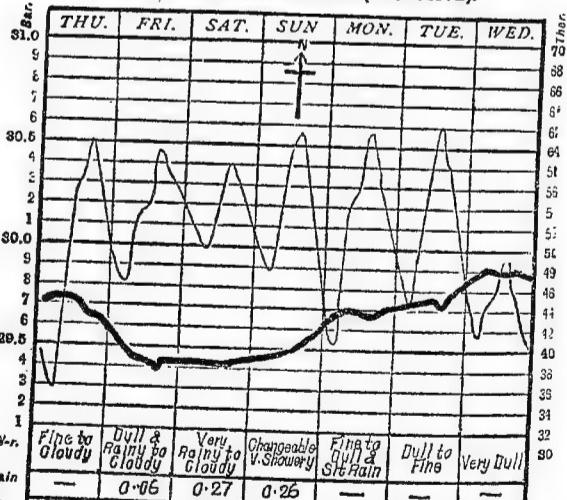
LANDLORDS IN THESE DAYS must be pardoned if they lose their temper when tenants fail to pay their rent, but they must not, as one is said to have done the other day at Deptford, break the windows, remove the fireplace, knock down the ceiling, and throw buckets of mud over the tenant before proceeding to take legal steps. The Greenwich magistrate thought the case worthy of investigation, and will, if the report prove true, grant the tenant, a woman with three children, a summons against the over-hasty creditor.

THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR has appeared in a new light. Not only is he slow to prosecute, but he even stops prosecutions instituted by others. This side of his functions has been cleverly turned to account by Mr. Yates, of the *World*, who has obtained a rule calling on Lord Lonsdale to show cause why proceedings in the case of "Lonsdale v. Yates" should not be quashed, on the ground that they had been commenced without the written permission of the Public Prosecutor, as directed by the Newspaper Libel Act of 1881. The case, in consequence, has now assumed such importance as affecting the jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench Division that it will be heard when it comes on before a special Court of five judges, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice. The case of the "Duc de Vallombrosa v. Truth," though no motion to quash proceedings has been made by the defendant, will be considered at the same time on the question of jurisdiction. Should the *World* make good its point, Society journals may henceforth defy nine out of ten of those whom they offend.

THE PROSECUTION OF MESSRS. FOOTE AND RAMSAY for a blasphemous libel in the *Freethinker* has been abandoned, the Attorney-General having granted his fiat for a *volte prosequi*. The defendants still remain in Holloway Gaol under their previous conviction at the Guildhall.

A VERY CURIOUS APPLICATION was made by an elderly man this week to the sitting magistrate at the Thames Police Court. Six years ago he had purchased a graveyard plot in Essex, and there his wife and one of his children had been buried. But he has an eldest son with a large family, in which family there have been many deaths; and the son having obtained possession of the papers which authorise the opening of the grave, is filling it up so fast with the bodies of his own children that when the applicant's turn arrives there will probably be no room left. "It was too bad," he remarked, "after taking all his trouble to be kept out of one's grave in this way." He was advised to make a statutory declaration of his proprietary rights, and show it to the clergyman with instruction that the grave is not to be opened again without his consent.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM APRIL 20 TO MAY 2 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been rather unsettled and dull generally. Pressure has ruled somewhat low, and depressions have prevailed on our south-western and western coasts throughout the time. Thursday (26th ult.) found an area of low barometrical readings over our south-western coasts, the resulting weather here, however, being fine and bright for the major part of the day, with light south-easterly and easterly winds. The following day showed that a new and deeper disturbance had joined that of Thursday (26th ult.), and with a falling barometer the weather became dull and rainy. Very little practical difference occurred on Saturday (28th ult.), either in the distribution or the height of pressure, the weather also showing little change. The next day the centre of lowest readings had gone northward a little, and readings became more uniform, but the prevailing weather was changeable and showery. Monday (30th ult.) found pressure rather higher, and some improvement in the weather ensued. The mercury still rose slowly throughout Tuesday (1st inst.) and very fine weather was experienced, with light winds from the north-eastward. Wednesday was dull and overcast, but pressure continued to increase, with cold north-easterly winds. Temperature shows little difference from the average. The barometer was highest (29.91 inches) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Friday (27th ult.); range, 0.51 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Tuesday (1st inst.); lowest (36°) on Thursday (26th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.59 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.27 inches, on Saturday (28th ult.).



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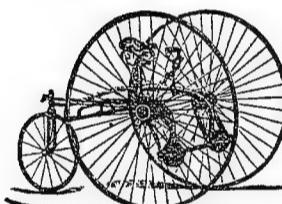
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out together.
"Oh, Bess," says he, "What eyes they be!" That's
all he tries at present;
"Oh! never mind my eyes, says she, "Do talk of
something pleasant."
Blue sky and speaking eye, And he and she, and no
one by.
Her hair is sunshine in a knot; Her step is music
walking.
The dimples, till she smiles forgot—But what's the use
of talking?
His arm goes near her lithesome waist, Her hand, I
fear, he presses,
"Leave that alone," she cries in haste, "And come
and gather blossoms."
Blue sky and speaking eye, And he and she, and no
one by.

He won't relax his charming hold, For such a flimsy
reason—
I fancy cress, if truth were told, Is hardly wet in season
"You'll wed me, Bess? there, whisper, 'Yes!' Come,
Don't be mean and spiteful."
Well, yes, perhaps—but none the less Your conduct's
simply frightful."
Blue sky and speaking eye, And he and she, and no
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"I have attentively examined the beautiful pianos of

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons that are exhibited at
the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. I consider
them to be exceptional in the ease with which

gradations of sound can be produced, from the softest

to the most powerful tones. These excellent pianos

merit the approbation of all artists, as the tone is full

as well as sustained, and the touch is of perfect even-

ness throughout its entire range, answering to every

requirement of the pianist."

CH. GOUNOD.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

"Paris, Sept. 8, 1878."

"We, the undersigned, certify that after having

seen and most conscientiously examined the English

Pianos at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, find that

the palm belongs to the Grand Pianos of the house of

Brinsmead."

NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN,
D. MAGNUS,
Chevalier ANTOINE DE KONTSKI,
(Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany.)

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

"Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881."

"The principle of the Brinsmead firm is to give the

best piano of its kind, the best of materials, the best of

care, the best of taste, and the best of finish; and this

is why the manufacturer in Kentish Town sends down to

Wigmore Street so many pianos perfect in scale,

sustained in tone, elastic in bulk, with equal and

responsive touch, and in fact, as near as possible to

that ideal that all musicians must require—a thing of

beauty that is a joy for ever."

"W. KUHE."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

"Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881."

"The principle of the Brinsmead firm is to give the

best piano of its kind, the best of materials, the best of

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that ideal that all musicians must require—a thing of

beauty that is a joy for ever."

"Morning Advertiser."

"In tone, the instrument is exceedingly rich and

sweet, and in touch the very perfection of lightness.

Messrs. Brinsmead may certainly be congratulated upon

their success."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

"Daily Chronicle."

"In tone, the instrument is exceedingly rich and

sweet, and in touch the very perfection of lightness.

Messrs. Brinsmead may certainly be congratulated upon

their success."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.

"Daily News."

"A new Pianoforte, recently manufactured by Messrs.

John Brinsmead and Sons, claims notice, not only on

account of its beauty and richness of tone, but speci-

ally for some ingenious mechanical novelties; the

most important being the addition of a third pedal, by

means of which the sound of any note on the piano may be

almost indefinitely prolonged at the will of the player.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY HAIL.

Beppe gently stroked the rich black tresses of her bowed head.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER XXXV.

NINA GUARINI had told Beppe the same day all that had passed at the Palazzo Nasoni. The telling of the tale had cost her many pangs. Every word was like a rough touch upon a half-closed wound. And yet she felt herself drawn nearer to Beppe by all the memories of the stormy past that were evoked as they spoke together. She thought of his faithful goodness to her in those dreadful days. And as she thought, there came back to her the old feeling of horror which used to overwhelm her in Paris at Laszinski's approach; and she shuddered from head to foot, and pressed closer to Beppe like a frightened child.

"You are feeling the reaction," said Beppe gently. "You were brave enough to his face, Nina."

"Brave? I don't know. I was furious. I certainly had no fear of him in hot blood."

"You need have no fear of him at any time. He cannot hurt us."

"His very existence hurts me. I feel as if I knew that a wild beast had got loose from his cage, and I might come on him at any moment. And yet nothing is more sure than that he had some fear of me. Half drunk as he was, he winced every time I mentioned his real name."

"A man who is so well acquainted with the inside of the prison and the *bagni* may have good reasons for that," answered Beppe carelessly; but he looked thoughtful.

"And why did he conceal his existence from us for so long? Even as it was, he did not wish to be recognised. He spoke of Laszinski as being alive, but far away,—in Croatia."

"Who knows why? Who knows?" said Guarini abstractedly. But the shadow on his face grew very deep, and he remained silent for a long time, pondering intently.

"Listen, Nina," he said at length. "It is clear that this wild beast's claws are pared, or he would have attacked us long ago, and made all Rome ring with his story. No one knows it here, except you and me."

"And Max."

"Prince Massimo will hold his tongue for divers good reasons."

"That wretch has spoken evil of me to Masi, and—"

"What of that? If Masi is capable of being moved against his best friend by the words of such a one as—"

"It is not Masi's opinion that troubles me. I am sorry if he thinks ill of me; but it does not go deep. But I am grieved, Beppe, grieved to the heart about Violet. You don't know—I have never been able to speak of it—but I first took an affection for this English girl because she reminded me of my Marie."

Beppe gently stroked the rich black tresses of her bowed head.

"And I had a sort of superstitious fancy that I was doing something for Marie's memory—she who was so sweet and helpful to every one!—by being kind to the girl. And then she twined herself round my heart, and I came to love her for her own sake. And I was sorry for her, and that made me love her more. I, who have no sister, no daughter, no woman friend, I felt it sweet to have the affection of this innocent girl."

Again Beppe lightly stroked her hair in silence. Nina was so little apt to speak of her own feelings that this womanly strain of tenderness in her moved him with a sort of surprise. He thought it a weakness; but he loved her the better for it.

At the bottom of his heart he was more disquieted by this astonishing resuscitation of Laszinski than he had cared to show Nina. He had had none of the haunting doubts as to the man's death which had troubled her; and the shock of this discovery was proportionately great.

And then, although he had declared that Laszinski could not hurt them, or he would already have done so, yet the fact that Laszinski was living, and walking about in the same city with himself, made the world different for Beppe Guarini. Let him be as great a villain as he might, Casimir Laszinski was Nina's husband by a tie which neither the laws of Austria nor Italy could break.

All the rest of the day Beppe was taciturn and thoughtful. He gave a little nervous glance at the door every time it was opened, and looked mistrustfully and anxiously at each of the numerous letters which he received in the course of his business.

He had a long colloquy with Jules Bonnet, who was in Rome on a brief visit, the scope of which was connected with the political propaganda of Socialistic doctrines. Once Nina, going suddenly into the study where the two men were talking together, heard Jules Bonnet say, "He was marked as a traitor years ago; and if the Russians in Geneva were once sure—"

But seeing her, he broke off and changed his discourse. Nina, for her part, was anxious for some news of Violet. And knowing how absolute was the "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," of

the "little Puritan" as she called her, and that she would never consent to deceive Mario by holding any secret communication with her friend, Nina bethought her of sending for Kitty Low.

Kitty's account of her young mistress was sad enough. "She cries all day when she's by herself, or with me alone. And she only makes a little pretence of cheering up for her aunt's sake, or when Mr. Chester comes in. Ah, he's a very fine sort of a young man, is Mr. Chester. I wish she could have chosen him instead of that Captain!"

"Poor Captain!"

"Oh, he's fond of her in his way, Signora. But it's but a poor kind of way when all's said and done. I never was in love myself, and it ain't very likely as any one will ever be in love with me. So perhaps, you'll say I've no right to speak. But I do think there's a deal of false boasting goes on about 'love' after the Captain's fashion. A sweet pretty young creature takes his fancy, and he wants to have her for his own. And his vanity is tickled—and well it may!—by her being devoted to him. And the world is to leave off minding its own business to take an interest in him, and say what a fine thing it all is! What is it but selfishness? I can't see as it's anything else. For, remember, he's not to be expected to make any sacrifices, nor hear any reason, nor put his pride in his pocket, nor listen to any advice as goes against the grain! Oh, no!"

"Men don't love as we do, Kitty."

"Oh, I don't say it's only the men. There's plenty of selfishness among women. But all men ain't the same. There's differences, thanks be! Now Mr. Chester is different."

"And do you think that Mr. Chester loves Violet?"

"Yes, I do;—what I call loving. He puts himself on one side, does Mr. Chester, and understands that there's something due to other folks, and that Number One, though it may be a very interesting number, don't quite fill up the whole of the heavens and the earth!"

"You are hard on the Captain, Kitty."

"Am I, Signora?" Then after a pause of reflection, "Well, perhaps I am. It ain't fair to expect grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles. And it ain't altogether his fault, if poor Miss Violet has dressed him out in her fancy with all sorts of fine feathers that don't belong to him."

"Ah! She's not the first woman who has done that, my good Kitty."

"Why, no; more's the pity! After all, I suppose the Lord has ordained it so, and we must have faith that it's for the best. And to be sure if men and women saw each other as they really are, there'd be a sight fewer marriages. I doubt we should have no need for the emigration societies."

Then Nina asked if Violet spoke of her, and was answered that she did, and always with affection. "It's very hard on her," said Kitty Low, "this freak the Captain has took to quarrel with you, Signora. And, perhaps, Miss Violet might have stood out against it if things had been going well with him; for she has spirit enough sometimes. But she says she won't add to his vexations just at this time. She'll wait with patience, and all that. Ah, dear me, when a man gets a woman to pity him, he has a tight hold on her! And it always seems to me one of the curiosities in this curious world that women, who certainly don't have the best of it here below, are so ready to be sorry for them great, strong, masterful creatures directly the least little thing goes crooked with 'em. There's a mother's heart in most women, and a touch of the baby in most men; and may be that's the reason."

Nina dismissed Kitty Low with a great nosegay of rare flowers for Violet. "You need not say who it comes from," she said. "Just set them in a vase on her table. She loves flowers."

"No need to say a word, Signora! She'll know well enough whose kind thought it was to send them,—poor dear."

The next morning Nina ordered the *coupé* and drove straight to the office of the *Tribune*, taking Pippo with her on the box. Arrived there, she sent up a pencilled word on a card: "If you are alone, I request you to see me." And in a few moments Pippo came back begging her to go upstairs.

She had scarcely entered the inner room when Masi, starting up, advanced to her with both hands held out. "Ah, Signora Nina, Signora Nina," he said, "there's no one like you in the world! I always said so, even when I did not know it so well as I do now."

Her quick eye noticed his haggard look; her quick ear observed the subdued tone of his voice, that had lost its old resonant *timbre*, and sounded like the voice of a person very weary. Any little lingering resentment or thought of reproaching him, was quenched in her breast. "Well, Masi, what has all this been about?" she said as cheerfully as she could. "I see I am forgiven, at any rate."

"It is for me to beg forgiveness. I——"

"No, no, no; let it be! Don't let us waste our time with that sort of thing."

"I only learnt yesterday that those shares which were assigned to me——"

She stopped him. "Now Masi, look here. Let us make a bargain. I have something to forgive. You made a mistake. Well, I'll forgive you on condition that you say not a word more, now or hereafter, about those wretched shares."

"But, Signora Nina, you cannot be allowed to crush people under such a weight of obligation without their uttering a word!"

"Nonsense about obligations! If you will hear the truth I did the little I could do, less for your sake than for Violet's; and less for her than for the sake of—some one whom you neither of you ever saw or heard of. So that is finished and done with. And now, tell me, when may I see Violet?"

"See Violet? Whenever you please, I suppose! Why do you ask me?"

"What! Have you forgotten that you laid your imperial commands on her to hold no communication with me?"

"I? Who says so?"

"She herself! She wrote me a little despairing note on the subject, all blotted with tears."

"No! Truly? Oh the silly child! I suppose I said something in a passion. I scarcely remember it, even."

"She remembered it. But have you not spoken to her on the subject since?"

"I have scarcely seen her since. Only once, for a few minutes. I have been so busy."

"Poveretta!"

"Yes, yes; poveretta, as much as you like, but I ask you, Signora Nina mia, if such holding one to the letter of every idle word is not childish,—and even wearisome?"

"H'm! Perhaps in time she may learn not to believe you."

"Violet has such overstrained notions. A kind of scrupulosity that hasn't common sense in it. Sometimes we don't seem to understand each other at all."

"Sometimes!" thought Nina. "No; you seldom understand one another." But she kept the thought to herself. Here was this poor girl, in her singleminded sincerity, sacrificing her own wishes to obey an idle word, spoken in anger, and already forgotten by the speaker. And here was Mario resenting her obedience as something overstrained,—almost affected. But what could be said? Any word from a third person would be certainly useless, and probably harmful.

Nina changed the subject, and began to warn Masi against the man who called himself Smith-Müller; telling him that she knew the man to be false and unscrupulous, and altogether evil.

"Oh," answered Masi carelessly, "he can do me no harm. I trust him no farther than I can see him. He is useful to me in a way. He picks up all sorts of information by some means or other. And with all his *blague* he's not a bad sort of fellow, poor devil. It's quite singular what a strong attachment he has to me."

"Masi, Masi, he has no more power of being sincerely attached to any one than Mephistopheles who clenches his cold devil's fist in the face of creation!"

Masi stared at her. He was not accustomed to hear anything so rhetorical and emphatic from her lips. A few weeks ago he would have been curious to discover the cause of her unusual emotion. But now a strange listlessness had come over him. His interest, his very faculties, seemed absorbed in the one subject of the newspaper. When Nina spoke of that, he listened and answered with something of his old vivacity. He showed her a series of articles in the *Messenger of Peace*—violent personal attacks on himself, thinly disguised. He was accused of dishonourable intrigues; of political dishonesty; of cynical disregard for his obligations towards his creditors.

"That's my dear friend Ciccio's doing," said he. "He has never forgiven the part the *Tribune* took in the affair of the Pontine Marshes. He's hit in a tender place—his pocket."

Nina tossed aside the papers with a scornful gesture. "Surely you do not let attacks like that trouble you?" she said. But it was clear that they did trouble him. His *amour propre* was still sensitive. Then, despite her rebuff on a former occasion, Nina set herself to persuade him to abandon journalism altogether. She tried scolding him in her old playful way; she tried coaxing; she tried hard, plain speaking; pointing out the futility of his struggle, and how manifestly it was his duty to the woman he had bound himself to marry to accept his defeat, and make a new effort in some other direction. He listened in absolute silence, with the same quiet gentleness,—almost apathy,—which had struck Peretti. All at once Nina said, fixing her brilliant dark eyes on his, "Masi, what is your plan? I see you have one. You have made up your mind to do something in spite of us all! What is it?"

He laughed softly. "'Viva la Signora Nina!' he said. "Of all the men I have talked with, not one of them has seen that. Yes; Nina carissima; you are right. I have a plan, and I mean to carry it out."

"May one know it?" she asked with a smile. But the delicately gloved hand she laid on his sleeve had turned cold, and her voice was not steady.

"To-day,—let me see!—to-day is Thursday. You shall know on Saturday. It is not long to wait till Saturday."

"And you can't trust me,—not even me, with it before then?"

"I'm afraid not. No; I cannot tell you my plan now. But you shall know it on Saturday."

"Masi, will you lunch with me on Saturday?"

"No, cara. Not on Saturday. I cannot."

"Will you dine with me, then?"

"At what hour?"

"Half-past seven, as usual. I shall probably be alone. If you like, I will ask Violet."

"No, don't ask Violet!"

"As you please. Will you come?"

"Well,—if my combination succeeds,—yes. But don't wait for me."

"But I shall wait for you! I allow no such loophole for leaving me in the lurch. If you are not punctual, my dinner will be spoiled, and my cook will be raving. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," he answered, with one of his old winning, frank smiles.

"I'm so glad we're friends, again, Masi!"

"Friends! When were we anything else? No, no, no; don't shake your head! I say I never was anything but your friend in my heart; and you know it in your heart,—not being a silly little Puritan, but a flesh-and-blood woman who knows the world and can make allowances!"

"Ah, vaurien! She is too good for you!"

"I don't say no. But people who are too good are very inconvenient!"

She looked at him reassured. There was a gleam of his old self in his words and his smile.

"You won't forget Saturday then?"

"No. I won't forget Saturday."

She held out her hand, which he pressed with a strong grip that hurt her. Then lightly holding her shoulders with his two hands, he bent down and kissed her forehead. "Good-bye, Nina," he said. "God bless you."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"AND he 'did not mean it,' you say! But what, then, did he mean? What are words worth? Have they any value for him at all?"

Violet sat in the shabby sitting-room in her aunt's lodgings, holding Nina's hand.

"Perhaps he did mean it, then. He was under a mistake. He was hot and angry. You see, mon enfant, these dear Southerns often think what they speak, instead of speaking what they think. The two things are different."

The tears stood in Violet's eyes. She thought of Nina's words, "You will expect from him what he cannot give, and what he will think you foolish for expecting."

Slowly, slowly, by painful degrees, resisted and fought against step by step, but ever victoriously advancing—helped by the candour and rectitude of her nature—the conviction had for some time past been growing up in her mind that she had been blind and rash and wilful, and that her love had been a delusive dream. It was not that she said to herself "Mario will never make me happy;" but that she felt in her innermost heart that she could never, never be to him all that she had fondly hoped. Was she necessary to Mario's happiness? Was his life incomplete and lonely without her? Was not the larger part of it occupied with interests in which he did not expect or even wish her to share? Only a few days previously she had expressed her bitter regret that he had entered into the newspaper speculation for her sake; and he had answered, "Che, che! Don't take it into your head that you are responsible for that. I should have gone into something of the kind, sooner or later, if there had been no Violet Moore in the world!"

But even in her inmost thoughts she made gentle and generous allowance for him. Kitty Low had not spoken without reason when she said that if a man could induce a woman to pity him, he had a tight hold on her.

As Nina drove up to her own door after leaving Violet, she met William Chester coming away from it; and she made him return and enter the house with her. She told him of her interview with Masi, and how she had just left Violet, and that they were all good friends again. "Dear Violet, you know, interpreted his words too much *au pied de la lettre*."

Chester looked grave. "How else should one interpret a man's words, on so serious a subject as breaking with an old friend?" he said.

"Oh, yes, yes; I know all that!" answered Nina, a little impatiently. "With you, no doubt, it would be different. But Masi is of another temperament. One must take people as they are." Her intelligence and her conscience approved Chester. But there was more sympathy in her heart for Masi. And that sympathy was quickened and intensified now by the haunting fear of some impending disaster.

"I came to bid you farewell, Signora," said Chester, when they were seated in the study.

"Farewell!"

"Yes; I am going away from Rome. I have already lingered here longer than I at first intended."

"Going away! Oh, I am sorry! I am sorry for Violet."

Chester smiled half sadly, half bitterly. "I do not think there is any need for you to be sorry on her account," he said.

Nina felt that she had no right to say more, or to thrust herself into his confidence, and he was evidently not to be moved out of his reserve by any sudden wave of emotion. After a short silence she said, "When do you go, Mr. Chester?"

"To-morrow. Or, possibly, if all my preparations are not completed, on Saturday morning."

"Oh, don't go so soon! Stay a day longer! Stay beyond Saturday!" she said, clasping her hands nervously.

"For what reason? To what end? I—I—perhaps I ought not to intrude my personal feelings on you, but I assure you there are reasons which make my stay in Rome very painful."

"I know them! I guess them. But pray do not go away so soon! If it is a sacrifice—I ask you to make it for Violet's sake!"

"My dear Signora, you are under some strange misapprehension. My staying here can be of no use or comfort to Violet just now. I have spoken with her about it. We are agreed. It sounds like an empty boast to say that if I could serve her by staying, I would stay. But I think she knows that it is so."

"Would it be so great an effort for you to put off your journey four-and-twenty hours?"

"No;—if there were any rational motive for it."

"Will you act, for once, on an irrational motive? Will you stay to oblige me?" She smiled at him, and looked up half playfully. But under the gracefulness and ease of her manner there was a strange agitation, which made her lips quiver, and her hands press the brilliants on her fingers until they made red marks on the white skin.

"Oh, of course, if you really make a point of it! Why should I refuse? I am only too happy to accede to your request, only I must tell you frankly once more, if you think it will be of the least service to Violet, you are mistaken."

"No, no, not to Violet, to me! A quite irrational favour to me!"

He smiled in spite of himself. "You have been so kind and friendly and hospitable to us all, Signora, that it would be strange to refuse so small a request. And I am sure you have a reason that seems to you sufficient for making it."

"Thank you," she said, earnestly. "Thank you with all my heart!"

And Chester went away musing curiously on her insistence, an half ashamed of himself for having yielded to it without any convincing grounds.

That evening, when her *salon* was filled as usual by a crowd of men, Nina gathered round her a little knot of intimates, and spoke to them of Masi. Dr. Angeloni opined that there was no chance of anything being effected by the Party for the assistance of the *Tribune of the People*. Silvotti was inclined to differ from him, and thought there were still hopes of a "combination." Giorgi, embittered more than ever by the failure of the Pontine Marshes Company, and the consequent overthrow of his hopes in connection with it, declared that the only way to succeed or make your way nowadays was to pay court to the Clericals and the reactionary party; and that it was sufficient for a man to be suspected of liberal and patriotic principles for him to be systematically neglected, if not actively persecuted.

"I wish you'd look after Masi a little during the next few days," said Nina. "I think we have all left him too much to himself. He gets morbid and dispirited."

"Dispirited!" echoed Carlo Silvotti, with a laugh. "That's not a word that belongs to Masi at all. He throws off troubles like water from a duck's back. He won't suffer, not he!"

"That's just what I'm afraid of," murmured Nina. And then she took Dr. Angeloni's arm, and walked aside with him, talking in a low and earnest voice.

Meanwhile the object of her solicitude was tranquilly eating his dinner at the *Café di Roma*, in company with Telemaco Bini, the fat Deputy with the small feet, whom we have seen at the Guarinis, and an ex-Secretary of the Ministry of Grace and Justice. They were extremely cheerful, despite their holding most gloomy views respecting the internal and external policy of Italy, and uttering terrible prognostications of the impending ruin of their country. But this prospect has seldom been found to impair the appetite of professional politicians.

When they separated Masi asked Bini to walk down with him to the office. Bini had been an occasional *collaborateur* on the *Tribune* ever since its first establishment. As the two men strolled along the lighted streets, side by side, their talk was of renewing bills, of raising loans—of money, in a word, and nothing but money. A dishonoured bill of exchange did not appear to Telemaco Bini by any means so terrible a possibility as Masi seemed to think it. "Per Bacco. When one has done all one can, I don't see—! I had several bills protested after I had gone into that silk-growing affair in Lombardy."

"If you see your way to paying up eventually it may be different," admitted Masi.

The other man thoughtfully rubbed his nose. "Well," said he, "I have not quite seen my way to that, yet!"

As they entered the narrow dingy street where the newspaper office was situated, they saw a man slowly pacing along before them, who, when he came opposite to the door of the office, being on the other side of the street, stopped and glanced upward at the windows, and then all along the pavement on each side of the way. In so doing he became aware of them, and, after looking at them carelessly for a moment, strolled on again at the same slow pace, and disappeared round the corner of the next turning.

"Our friend has chosen an odd place for a promenade," observed Bini.

"I noticed him here this morning. I suppose he's commissioned by some creditor to see that I don't carry off any of the valuable deal tables and rickety chairs which compose the choice furniture of the office," returned Masi with a laugh.

When they went upstairs, Bini sat down to sketch out an article, the purport of which had been agreed upon among them at dinner; the ex-Secretary having furnished some damaging details as to the administration of his successor, and the fat Deputy having favoured them with the contents of a private letter from an extraordinarily well-informed personage in Paris, which, if published, would infallibly shake the position of his Excellency the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Masi turned over a packet of correspondence arrived by that evening's post. "Ah!" he exclaimed, after reading one special letter, "the man charged with that affair has obtained the promise of an interview from the person I told you of."

Bini raised his tragic eyebrows. "M——?" said he mysteriously.

"Yes; and the Director of the Bank does not seem unfavourably disposed."

"Bravo! Things are going well then?"

"Who can say? Sarà quel che sarà!" returned Masi with a slight shrug.

Then for a while there was nothing heard but the scratching of Bini's rapid pen and the rustling of paper. But before very long the silence was broken by louder sounds. A heavy foot came stamping up the stairs, and Colonel Smith-Müller burst into the room with his hat in one hand and a pocket handkerchief in the other, with which he was wiping his face. "My dear Masi," he shouted, "I am exhausted, exhausted. I have been rushing about on business, and not my own business either, all day. Ah, Bini carissimo! I want to speak to you by and by, my dear Masi."

Bini looked up with his serious stare. "Good evening, Colonel," he said. "I shall have finished directly. That is to say—the article isn't quite done, Masi; but it's too late for to-morrow's paper now, at all events. I'll correct it, and put it into shape for Saturday. Meanwhile, if you and the Colonel have any private business——"

"No, nonsense; we have no secrets to talk of," answered Masi. But the Colonel made a grimace behind Bini's back, and signed to Masi to get rid of him. And then he began to walk up and down the room with ostentatious impatience. Bini, for his part, was never sorry to break off from work. He looked rather longingly at the inkstand and the abundant provision of writing paper, and muttered something about having one or two letters which he should have liked to get written them and there. But finally he rose from his chair, and went away. Then the Colonel began to exhibit still more marked symptoms of excitement and agitation. He puffed, and panted, and swore, and walked about, and sat down, and started up again, and mopped his face; and at length sent the errand-boy to a neighbouring liquor-shop to get him some of the concoction sold there under the name of *rhum*. Having had his dram, he braced himself to broach Mr. Higgins's proposition to Masi; watching the latter anxiously all the time, and ready to change his tone at the least hint to be gathered from his friend's countenance.

For some time Masi did not fully comprehend the proposal; the Colonel not thinking it prudent to blurt it out without preparation.

"But what is it, then?" said Masi at length. "Does the old man coolly offer to pay me for giving up his niece? Is it that?"

His manner was so much more placid than the Colonel had expected, that the latter began to bluster. "Ha! I have sacrificed myself for my friend, according to my old foolish way. A pleasant task you may imagine it to be, to listen to that block-headed *épicier*, to waste my hours,—which are counted in Rome now,—to plead a losing cause! But no matter. Alexis Smith-Müller expects no gratitude. He is used to that."

"Did old Higgins commission you to make me that offer?"

"Old Higgins! Who is old Higgins? After all, who and what is old Higgins? A vulgar English shopkeeper! They are all shopkeepers at heart. And why should we be sensitive to his opinions? *Parbleu!* If he offers a handsome sum,—a sum which would float us for another quarter of a year,—why pay him the compliment of behaving with extreme delicacy? Delicacy is wasted on a

like that. He cannot understand it. He cannot rise to it. The sentiments of a chivalrous gentleman are unknown to old Higgins! Then why not get from him what he has to give, instead of expecting from him what he has not? Honour and a sense of delicacy?—*Point!* He has them not. Pounds sterling?—plenty! Let us take his pounds sterling! They are the only arguments he understands. Let us accept them! It has ever been my rule to converse with the natives of a country in their own language, and according to their own customs. With a King of the Gold Coast, your negotiations are carried on in beads and *rhum*;—with an Englishman in pounds sterling. We are not children, *quo!* We are men of the world, eh?"

He had begun his speech with a vapouring burst of indignation; as he carried it on, he had gradually cooled down into a semblance of putting the argument fairly; he had finished it by undisguisedly recommending Masi to take Mr. Higgins's bribe. And every word, every gesture, every inflection of his voice had carefully followed the indications which he was able to gather from watching Masi's face.

Masi remained singularly quiet. There was no fire of wrath in his countenance. No volcanic explosion appeared to be imminent. The Colonel, in undertaking this mission, had not concealed from himself that one—and by no means the remotest—possibility connected with it, was that Masi should fly into a violent rage, and kick him downstairs. But no; Masi remained passive, and listened without any outward symptoms of irritation. The Colonel was emboldened to hope for ultimate success. He would have mentally reviled Masi for a fool if he had peremptorily rejected the proposition. But none the less did he mentally sneer and jeer at him for appearing to consider it. "Aha! Hunger tames tigers; and want of cash brings down bold Captains to a condition of wonderful meekness," thought he. "The way I've heard that fellow talk about honour and independence! Bah! A *blagueur*, like the rest!"

"Well, I think, Colonel," said Masi at length rather slowly, "I think I shall be able to oblige the good Uncle Higgins."

The Colonel became rampant in his triumph. He slapped his breast, he marched about, he tossed off the last remaining drops of rum. "Oblige him, my dear Masi! Bleed him! Let us see the colour of his pounds sterling. Ha, ha, ha! You shall make a fine bargain. I will arrange it for you,—I am old negotiator, a wary fox, experienced in the secret service of my country! We are *vieilles moustaches*, *quo!* We know how to make a treaty with the barbarous tribes. *Sacré!*"

"Yes; I think I shall be able to oblige the old Uncle Higgins. But I don't mean him to pay me for it."

The Colonel stopped short in his triumphal march, and turned sharp round, staring at Masi as though some amazing phenomenon had struck him dumb. "What?" he gasped at length. "You are joking!—Masi! What do you mean?—*Mauvaise plaisanterie!* Ha! I swear you quite took me in, for a moment!" And the Colonel wiped his forehead, and glared at the other man with an expression half savage, half alarmed.

"Do you know, my friend," said Masi deliberately, "that you have had a very narrow escape?"

"Escape! Ha? What?" blustered the Colonel. "*Point de farces!* No more bad jokes, my beloved Masi! I am an old soldier and a man of honour."

"You have had an extraordinarily narrow escape of having that cane of yours broken over your shoulders!"

The Colonel leaped backwards, and seized his cane, which was heavily loaded. He drew himself up to his full height, and confronted Masi. He was a tall powerful man; and though broken by dissipation, would still be no contemptible antagonist in a brief struggle. Masi sat like a rock, leaning with one elbow on the table, and looking at him steadily with his bright, handsome Southern eyes, as a man might look at a dangerous dog. And as he looked, all Nina's warnings against the fellow recurred to his mind. It seemed to him as if a mask had fallen from the Servian's face, and he saw the evil soul glaring at him for the first time from those narrow cunning loopholes.

The position did not really last more than three seconds; but it seemed a much longer time to both the men. Smith-Müller at length moved, and the impression on Masi's mind was effaced, like reflections in water dispersed by a ripple. The Colonel lowered his arm that held the cane. If the negotiation with the old Englishman failed, he had small chance of getting wherewithal to leave Rome; and he was possessed with a longing to leave it. A nameless terror urged him to fly and hide himself. The thought that the existence of Casimir Laszinski was known to more than one person in the city filled him with tremors. He would make one last desperate effort to obtain some money from Mr. Higgins; and to that end it was necessary to be prompt. Masi must not see the old man first. He dropped his cane, as has been said; drew out his pocket handkerchief, which he passed ostentatiously across his eyes, slapped his breast two or three times, and said in a broken voice: "I have endured much. Ingratitude is familiar to me. But insult I have never brooked until to-day. Friendship weakens a man. It has weakened me. It has made me contemptible in my own eyes. Had any other being in Rome spoken those words to me, his blood would have flowed like water. But you, Mario Masi, have presumed upon the affection of a comrade,—an old soldier—and a man of honour. Enough. I shall be at my lodgings all tomorrow, and if you need me you know where to find me."

And with that he went away.

(To be continued)



"IN THE FLOWER OF HER YOUTH," a Novel, by Mabel Collins (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is full of unquestionable power. As too often happens, however, this power is exercised upon a story with which it is impossible to associate the faintest idea of pleasure. Interesting it certainly is, from beginning to end, and both the plot and the characters who take part in it will probably be found to fix themselves upon the memory much more deeply than is often the case with the novels of the day; but it will not be as a very agreeable recollection. Mabel Collins has taken for her subject a marriage which, by reason of the close sympathy between the husband and wife, and their almost complete identity of nature, promised to be peculiarly happy. Whether the authoress is right or wrong in her matrimonial psychology must, of course, remain a matter of opinion; in any case, this very perfection of sympathy proves the rock on which all the promised happiness founders. The husband meets, in another woman, the complement of his nature, with which his wife had been too closely identified, and thus a theory of love is worked out of which Mabel Collins must bear the responsibility. It is neither popular nor hopeful, and is probably untrue, but she has developed it with a skill and a force that will take the reader who looks for a love story of the usual pattern very much by surprise. Lil, the wife and heroine, is, however, a woman of genius and character, and, seeing how matters are, proceeds to the ghastly extremity of feigning death so as to leave circumstances to right themselves, and to destroy a relation that, in her opinion, had ceased to be a marriage. The rest of her tragedy is taken up with her experiences of the stage, to which destiny and genius led her, and with the difficulty she found in carrying out her self-

martyrdom to its utmost end, till she dies, in the hour of her stage triumph, in an effort to keep the secret which at last proved too much for her living strength to bear. Considering the nature of the plot, there is wonderfully little about it of a morbid character, and what there is of this is healthily contrasted with the very finished portrait of that delightfully eccentric Bohemian of the past type, her father. "In the Flower of Her Youth" is altogether a psychological novel, depending for its interest in no degree upon incident, but the scenes often serve for incidents, by reason of their dramatic quality. As for Lil Newman, *nde* Warrington, she is almost too charming to be made the victim of so sad a story, but her authoress may successfully plead the one excuse for a tragic end—that of invincible necessity; while Lil's character and surroundings are so skilfully harmonised as to make the method of her self-sacrifice natural in her, if in no other heroine of fiction that we can call to mind.

"Facing the Footlights," a novel, by Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean)—(3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is, as its title indicates, also a story of stage life; and, by-the-way, in this case also one of the leading characters shuns death, though for a purpose very different from Lil Newman's. Mrs. Lean never writes now without some very decided social purpose. In the present case, the object of her angry contempt is the amateur actor or actress, and amateur interference with the privileges and emoluments of the stage—a somewhat perilous topic at the present hour. However, as the professional heroine ends by marrying a titled amateur, the male portion of the race are presumably not held to be quite without the pale of pardon. The story is in some respects amusing, but cannot be described as otherwise than flimsy and disjointed—indeed, Mr. Deane's murder of his aunt, which consumes the first volume, appears to be the beginning of one novel, while all the rest seems to be the middle of another. Signs of hurry are excessively numerous: Mrs. Lean rejoices in italics and small capitals; and we are constantly left in doubt whether she or her printer are answerable for a prevailing uncertainty about French accents, and how to spell "Bartholomew." Her ladies are not pleasant people, and the best of them, when out of temper, quarrel as their maids might be expected to "have it out" in comedy. On the whole, we should say that the very numerous admirers of Mrs. Lean's later works will find in "Facing the Footlights" all they can desire.

The novel reader who wishes to read for mere pleasure will be likely to find "The Admiral's Ward," by Mrs. Alexander (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), more to his liking than either of the above novels. It certainly has no pretension to the real power of the first-named, and is altogether more simple and conventional, but it is well constructed, and thoroughly healthy and natural. The interest depends upon the not very original plot developed from the noble and lovable nature of a plain woman, who holds in her hands the threads of a tangled skein that cannot be unravelled without a heroic simplicity and truth of character. All the persons who take part in the story are well contrasted and marked very legibly, a great number of gradations lying between the plain-featured and high-minded lover, and the mean knave who started as her lover and hero. Old Mrs. Crewe, with her cat, her good heart, and her capricious temper, plays the part of humourist with great success, only diminished by the manner in which Mrs. Alexander makes an "&c." do too frequent duty for the amusing thing which she is supposed to have said, but which the reader is thus left to imagine. An "&c." might prove highly advantageous in many novels, as an aid to skipping, but nobody will want to skip the conversation of Mrs. Crewe. The novel is altogether excellent in its unpretending way, and we see no reason to think that this judgment would be in any material degree affected even if we had the advantage of forming it from complete copy. As it happens we have had to guess at the nature of an important part of the plot, contained in sheets that were missing from the copy sent for review. The complaint in some sense amounts to further praise, since the interest of the story was quite sufficient to make its break at a critical point, and its resumption under unexpected and unintelligible circumstances, a matter of disappointment.



Of all the months in the year May and June are the two which make the heaviest demand upon our purses, especially when our incomes are limited, and yet, by choice or necessity, we enter into the gaieties of the London season. The task of the Fashion writer is a light one: his or her only difficulty is to select for description from the multitude of elegant and becoming toilettes displayed on all sides and for all times and seasons.

The children's frocks and general attire are very pretty; nothing can be more dainty than the infants' cloaks, made of cream or white fine cashmere, with a deep cape profusely trimmed with Mauresque lace. By the way, lace trimming is much lighter for the tiny delicate frames than the deep quilted and wadded satin hems which it has superseded; the hoods are made to match. For little tots, from the time they are shortcoated until they arrive at three years old, we recently saw some fairy-like pelisses of cream-coloured cashmere embroidered in silk and trimmed with lace; with these were worn a round cape and cream felt hat, with an aigrette. The same pelisses were made in light colours. For the morning and for country wear we saw a variety of useful, inexpensive, and stylish frocks in Jersey make well worthy the notice of mothers, made in cream colour, with sailor collars, cuffs, and vests of blue, red, or black stripes; these pretty costumes are for girls between four and twelve years old. For little boys were Jersey suits, with caps and stockings to match, in dark or light blue; the great charm of these juvenile suits is that they wash like a piece of linen and do not shrink. A very stylish Jersey suit for a little girl was made of bottle green, trimmed with gold braid and buttons. For a grown-up young lady a Jersey jacket is a very useful garment; these jackets are now made with a basque pleated at the back to accommodate the crinoline, in black, brown, blue, or green, handsomely beaded or braided. The Coat Jersey is made quite plain, excepting the flat gilt buttons, about the size of a sixpence.

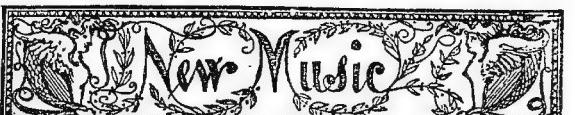
The tea-gowns this season are most elegant and costly; in the course of our *tournée* for this month we saw so many that it is difficult to choose from them. For ordinary wear one was of pale blue cashmere, made with a Watteau pleat, gathered, and what is called a coachman's cape, made with five or seven narrow flat frills, edged with lace, trimmed down the front with thick ruchings of lace; this style looks well in cardinal colour, with cream lace, myrtle green with *ficolle* lace, or in dove colour, with trimmings of the material embroidered in white silk. Tea-jackets of Surah silk, in all the new colours, elaborately trimmed with lace and bows or rosettes of ribbon, are much worn, but not considered so dressy as the entire gown. A very elegant tea-gown was made of silver grey, shot with pink satin *merveilleux*, Princess shape, with a demi-train richly trimmed with old Valenciennes lace, and satin bows of the two colours. Another very stylish gown was of pink satin *merveilleux*, with a Watteau pleat and a Marie Antoinette fluted front and collar. For slight mourning was a gown of black and white *broché* silk and black satin, and a simple breakfast dress was of black and grey satin. For the warm weather was the daintiest of tea-gowns or breakfast dresses, made in stripes of nun's veiling, full puffings of cream lace, and satin bows. Never was lace more used for trimming everything

than it is now. Very pretty little *matinées* are made of stripe l muslinette, all white, or with hair stripes and checks in colour. Dinner dresses are very elaborately made, and of the richest material.

As mourning is more than usually prevalent this season, we paid particular attention to that department of attire. A very elegant and becoming costume for a young widow was made of a dull black mourning satin, quite plain, with a long train and a very full ruching of crape round it and up the front, on which were bows of ribbon, together with a loop-bow and ends on the left shoulder. Amongst noteworthy costumes were: A dress of *gaze de velours*, with a tablier of jet and chenille, and richly trimmed with Chantilly lace. Another was of black, clear beaded grenadine, with an over-dress of *gaze de velours*, in a bold pine-cone pattern, trimmed with small jet tassels. A third was a skirt and bodice of white brocade, over which was a dress of black embroidered *crêpe de chine*; the bodice was heavily trimmed with jet and beaded lace. A fourth had a very handsome tablier of beaded black net and chenille pompons; the sides and back were composed of black Chantilly lace flounces; a square train of *gaze de velours*; transparent gauze bodice and sleeves, with chenille and jet ornaments. A silver grey silk, over which was a velvet gauze coat lined with grey, trimmed with a deep black chenille fringe, in which were large grey pompons.—One of the most fashionable materials of the season is grenadine in a variety of makes. We have "*grenadin soutaché*," which is very effective; the flowers are outlined with fine braid; canvas grenadine with raised cockle shells in black satin, and imitation Spanish lace grenadine. Embroidered crape in black or white is very handsome, as is also pompon crape. Designs in apples, pomegranates, and other fruits are very much liked.—For morning dresses foulardine is a pretty and inexpensive material, plain or with patterns of every known flower and fruit. Apropos of fruit, strawberry colour in every stage of ripeness and decay is quite the rage, and yet it is not at all becoming to the complexion, and will therefore not have a very long reign; shot silks and satins are rapidly gaining favour, whilst Ottoman and brocaded materials are still much worn for dresses and mantles. Woolen damasks are sometimes worn, but they very soon look shabby. "Tel-el-Kebir" cloth is a very nice material, resembling nun's veiling, only very much thicker; it is made plain and in a variety of designs, some of them intensely gaudy, for example, on a black or dark ground are scarlet poppies and grass, tulips and king-cups; unless most judiciously used the effect is very vulgar.

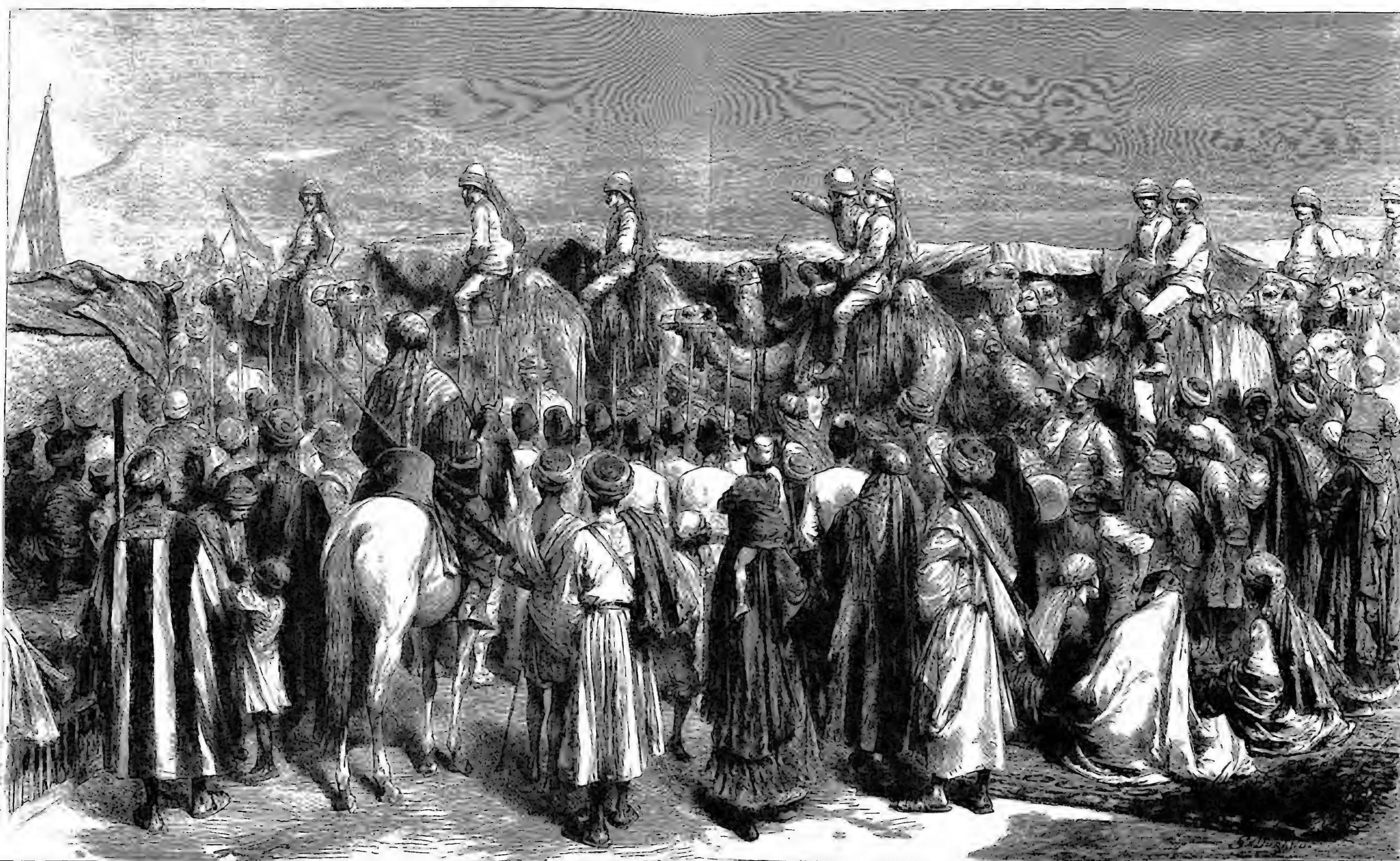
Mantles and cloaks are very elegant. The trimmings are of the richest and most elaborate description; fortunately for young people small shoulder capes of lace, jet embroidery, or to match the dress will be very much worn this summer. A very pretty cape with ends is made in stripes of Ottoman and jet, another is in canvas grenadine lined with white or a colour and trimmed with lace. A mantelette of satin had a most elaborate fringe in jet and chenille a quarter of a yard deep.—A mantle of beaded grenadine was made with a Spanish lace panier tied in a large bow at the back. Epaulettes of gimp and jet are much worn.—A very becoming garment for a matronly figure was a loose pelisse of corded silk, the cape of which forms the sleeves; a rich fringe of chenille and jet. Another matronly mantle was made of brocaded silk, with two deep lace flounces. Paisley mantles lined with a bright colour, old-gold, cardinal, or striped blue satin, are useful and stylish for a chilly day. Later on we shall have lace mantles, capes, and mantillas in black and white.—Some of our English readers may not be aware that this is the month to buy furs and sealskins; the fashions for next winter are already decided. American and French ladies are well aware that furs of every description may be had at half the price now to what they will command when the snow is on the ground.

The variety in the shapes of hats and bonnets is very great, a pinch here, and a twist there, will adapt the headgear to the face and features of the wearer in a manner which was not known some dozen years ago. We will describe some hats and bonnets which were made for mourning, but can be worn with or made in colours. Bonnets of open work gold straw, lined with white *crêpe de chine*, a large white ostrich feather; wide strings of *crêpe de chine* tied loosely under the chin. A bonnet for a *féte* or garden party, the brim of large white pearls, crown of silk lace embroidery, ostrich plumes, and narrow strings of cream velvet. A very becoming bonnet for a brunette was made of silver grey satin straw, trimmed with a diadem of satin leaves, and light-gold lace; grey feather aigrette. For a piquante young face the "Madame Lange" bonnet in black satin straw, trimmed with broad black lace and plumes, looks very pretty, and when not needed for mourning a bunch of scarlet poppies can be worn with it. An Olivia shape was made with a full jet crown, and the entire brim of white lilac. Two very stylish hats were made, the one of sewn Leghorn, lined and trimmed with velvet, a soft crown of cream embroidered lace, black ostrich feathers; the other was of the Cavalier shape in grey straw, lined with satin and velvet, profusely trimmed with grey feathers under and above the brim. Drawn net bonnets in black, white, and colours, trimmed with puffings of net, satin ribbon, and large gold beads are very neat, and will suit any costume. Some bonnets are entirely made of leaves and flowers, or with gold and silver lace and beads. The most startling effects of vivid colouring are seen, but more often in the milliners' show-rooms or the shop-windows than on ladies' heads. It requires a certain amount of boldness to appear in public with such motley head attire. Gold and silver or fluffy silk pompons are much used for trimming straw bonnets, which are dyed to match all the new colours as they come out.



MESSRS. RICORDI.—A most taking song, which should be heard very often in the concert-room this season, is "Plenilunio" ("Guardate Sempre, Rapita l'Anima"), words by Carmelo Errico, music by Paolo Tosti; there is a very pleasing violin accompaniment, always a delightful support for the voice.—By the same composer is "Let It Be Soon," a very nicely written song by Clement Scott; it is published in four keys, and should be in all amateurs' portfolios.—Two songs of more than ordinary merit, music by A. Rotoli, are "Fate La Carita," a grand song, with *chorus ad libitum*, which requires good declamatory singing; the poetry is by R. Salustri; and "Love's Eternity," words by F. E. Weatherly: both are published in four keys.—"Insomnia," a lyric, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is in his best mood, set to appropriate music by Isidore de Lara, fortunately published but in one key, and of medium compass.—Most impassioned and worthy of its name is "The Devout Lover," written and composed by Walter Herries Pollock and Maude V. White.—In the composer's happiest vein is "Conosci Tu il Paese?" as scherzo for mezzo-soprano or baritone; poetry by Lorenzo Steccetti, music by Ciro Pinsuti.

MESSRS. WHITE BROTHERS.—Two very spirited and brilliant, but not at all difficult, pianoforte pieces, by Oliver Cramer, are respectively "Dance of Sprites," a tarantella well worth learning by heart, and "Aide-de-Camp," galop brilliant, which well merits its name.—When played upon a military band "The Guards' Parade March," by F. Croft, will be fairly effective, which is not the case, however, with the pianoforte arrangement.—A piece which will be



THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—HICKS PASHA AND HIS STAFF OF BRITISH OFFICERS LEAVING SUAKIN FOR KHARTOUM

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE

first favourite in the schoolroom on account of its tunefulness and easiness to play is "Danse Romanesca" (Italien Danse), by Karl Muscat.—By the same composer is the "Gelächter Polka," which is spirited, danceable, and not wanting in originality.—"Mildred" is a pretty though a trifle commonplace set of waltzes by Louis Colas.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"Farewell," poetry by Lord Byron, music by Arthur E. Grimshaw, published in two keys; the charming music is fitly wedded to our noble poet's beautiful words.—A pretty song for a mezzo-soprano is "The Afterglow," written and composed by F. Gilbert Webb.—"Shew Me Thy Ways," an anthem, by E. S. Cranston, organist of Litherland Parish Church, begins with a tuneful soprano solo, followed by a singable quartette, very useful for small parish church choirs.—Part 58, Vol. VIII., of *The Organists' Quarterly Journal*, contains but three works, the principal one being a sonata for four hands and pedals, by George Hepworth, Organist to the Cathedral at Schwerin. We advise young students to take this clever and musicianly composition in hand, and to practise it diligently. The other two works are an "Andante," by Dr. J. C. Tiley, and a short and easy Postlude in D, by W. Sparks, Mus. Doc.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—Both words and music of "The Golden Time," written and composed by Margaret J. Scott and Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon, are of great merit; it is published in three keys.—"Valse de Concert," by François Bendal, and "Grand March," by F. Kiel, are very satisfactory drawing-room pieces; the former is bright and fairly easy, the latter more difficult, but very showy.



NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, though "badly off for seaside watering-places," was, and is, exceptionally rich in county families. Notable amongst these were the Treshams, to the Rushton branch of whom belonged Sir Thomas, father of Francis Tresham of the Gunpowder Plot. The mania for house building to which we owe Longleat, and Bess of Hardwick's "Hall More Glass than Wall," and other examples of the English Renaissance, showed itself in a peculiar form in Sir Thomas; and Rothwell Market House, the triangular lodge at Rushton, and above all the "new bield" at Lveden, deserve more attention than they have hitherto received from architectural students. The "bield," with its frieze filled with the emblems of Our Lord's Passion, shows how strongly the father's mind was tinctured with that feeling which became so fatally active in the son. There is a weird look about the unfinished structure, so well built that three centuries have scarcely touched it, which suits well the sad history of the family. Mr. J. A. Gotch, in his "Complete Account, Illustrated by Measured Drawings, of the Buildings Erected in Northamptonshire by Sir T. Tresham" (Taylor, Northampton; Batsford, London), gives us a book that commends itself to the general reader as well as to the scientific art student. It is beautifully got up, and the details of the buildings are models of careful drawing, while the account of the Tresham family sets forth as living realities some important actors in what for most of us is a very shadowy time. The work deserves much more than the local celebrity which it has already won for itself. No architectural society ought to be without it.

It may be doubted whether Mr. James Kerr will succeed in fixing in our language the two words "castism" and "sectism," by which he would denote the mild form of caste prevalent in England, and the tendency of all Churches to break up into sects. These things are not a discovery of Mr. Kerr's any more than the axiom, which forms such backbone as his Essay on "The Good of Evil in Human Life," may be said to possess, that "the struggle with evil strengthens the character." We have also heard something before about the connection between genius and the habit of taking pains; but these and other commonplaces are pleasantly handled by Mr. Kerr, and that some people prefer them to more startling novelties is proved by "Essays on Some Aspects of Human Nature" (Longmans) having reached a second edition.

Russophobes will find in Colonel Kuropatkin's "Kashgaria; or, Chinese Turkestan" (Thacker and Spink, Calcutta and London), fresh reason for alarm. Major Gowen, the translator, notes the recent appointment of a Russian Consul-General at Kashgar as "full of meaning"; and he quotes Sir R. Temple to the effect that "any occupation by Russia of Yarkand-Kashgar would be most injurious to our long-established rights and interests in the North-Western Himalayas." Whatever may be Russia's ultimate views, she has got the start of us in making herself thoroughly acquainted with the country. The list of appendices, maps, places, tables of distances, &c., which Major Gowen gives, but which, as they are only of great political and military importance, he does not incorporate in his work, is quite startling. The Russians were drawn to Kashgar by the prestige that surrounded the unfortunate Yakoob Beg; and when they found that, through English agents, he had actually been buying long-range rifles at Constantinople they felt matters were serious. But now Yakoob's *raj* is at an end, and the Chinese have done in his little kingdom whatsoever they listed. To this result Russia undoubtedly contributed by destroying the very ancient Khanat of Kokan and anticipating Yakoob in annexing its territories. The history of Kashgaria, and its long struggles with and successive conquests by the Chinese, will interest even those who feel as careless about Russ or Briton in Central Asia as he who sang the praise of Tullochgorum did about Whig or Tory. If the future of the world is with the Yellow race, it is well for us to study the doggedness which the Chinese keep to their own purpose, and in the end attain it. Their curious punishment of "civil death," whereby, after the offender's shadow has been duly measured, he is confined to his house, everybody speaking of him as dead, is worth attention; as is also the fact that "every subject of Yakoob, if he be not lazy, can live without want." How many thousands in China, in Russia, in England must wish they were subjects of Yakoob?

In an old edition of "Goldsmith's Geography," the nations of Europe have their characters marked in half a sentence apiece. "The Frenchman," we read, "tells everything; the Irishman tells what he ought to conceal, and hides what he ought to tell; the Dutchman is cautious," &c. Mr. W. R. W. Stephens clearly thinks that the biographer ought to have a spice of Dutchman in his composition. Naught men (like him who wrote Bishop Wilberforce's life), acting as if they were French or mere Irish, "make good biography an impossibility." For our part we hold with the Frenchman; tell everything, and leave the reader to read between the lines, and to construct the character out of the varying moods of which the record gives the colour. Nevertheless, from the nature of the subject, the "Memoir of Lord Hatherley" (Bentley) could not fail to be interesting; and it has the great advantage of being largely made up of an autobiography prepared for Foss's "Judges of England." The son of Alderman Wood, the zealous supporter of Queen Caroline, Lord Hatherley inherited his father's opinions, and always had the courage of them. He was a vigorous law-reformer at the time when the Law sadly needed reform. He found strong and sincere Churchmanship quite consistent with such a view of Establishments as was implied in his memorable speech on the Irish Church, which Mr. Stephens wisely gives almost *in extenso*.

The position then taken by him, a pronounced Gladstone-worshipper, is significant. Irish disestablishment was, he believed, called for "by the great exigencies of the whole country;" for those who hold with Lord Hatherley the conclusion is irresistible respecting its English sister whenever "the verdict of the country" comes to be declared. Most of the letters in these two volumes are to Dean Hook, whose life-long friendship with Lord Hatherley is well known. They bring clearly out the deep piety as well as the loveableness of the writer. But we should have some of the Chancellor's other correspondence. Though Lord Hatherley was not as impetuous or as quizzical as Bishop Wilberforce, he must at times have been moved to wrath and satire, and a complete biography ought to have given us instances of each.

Very different, but also erring in the same way, is Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Henry Ward Beecher: a Sketch of His Career" (Bordon Hunt, Fleet Street). It contains portraits of Dr. Beecher in every possible variety, standing on the platform at Plymouth Church amid the vast congregation, posing beside a pillar at the age of forty, varying his shirt collars and the arrangement of his hair from his twenty-third to his sixty-fifth year. English photographic art has never yet attempted in behalf of our most popular men anything like the eight portraits on one page superscribed as "a man of many words." It is very tall talk to speak of a sermon of Mr. Beecher as "having given a new dispensation;" but the man who could live through the Tilton scandal, retaining his position and influence, must be a man of great power. His position was made more dangerous because many of the Council of Congregational Churches, which dealt with the case in its final issue, were strongly biased against him on theological grounds. If Dr. Lyman Abbott does not help us exactly to understand what Dr. Beecher is, he tells us what a very large section of the American public believes him to be.

From the noise and blowing of trumpets in Mr. Abbott's book, and even from the dust of the Law Courts and the House in Lord Hatherley's life, it is a welcome change to turn to calm philosophy as illustrated in Professor Caird's life of "Hegel" (Blackwood). Yet even Hegel had his political side; not that he was, like Fichte and others, an anti-French patriot. His South German birth and breeding so far influenced him that he looked forward with more than complacency to the Prussians getting a good drubbing at Jena. Of Napoleon he talks in those grandiose phrases which when translated mean so very little. That "the Emperor, that world-soul, should, while riding his horse here be reaching over the world and remoulding it" of course impressed him; but his being open to such an impression is surely no mark of transcendent genius. Dr. Caird is careful to explain that Hegel was not such a wholly unpatriotic being as Goethe; and it is curious that Bismarckism is the practical working out of that nebulous Hegelianism in which so many intellects have got hopelessly obfuscated. This fact makes this volume of the "Philosophical Classics" one of the most interesting of the series.

We are glad Mr. Maclochlin, late one of H.M. Inspectors, declares in "Education, Psyches Iatreion" (Elliot Stock), against the adoption of the phonetic system by the Committee of Council. He speaks out, too, against trade disputes, quoting the American Consul, Mr. Ewarts, to the effect that in the next five years 500,000 of our working men will emigrate; but as this prophecy was given in 1879 we think it may be classed with those of Mr. Wiggins. There is a great deal of useful matter in the book—about middle class schools, technical education, the Fine Arts, as applied to popular instruction, &c.; but for the general English reader it is clouded amid a mass of words; the whole work, especially the preface, one sentence of which seems to run on over four pages, being a notable instance of "Scotch-English." Mr. Maclochlin is, we take it, an Irishman; but the Irish are the original Scots, and the racial tendency to tall talk is very often forgotten just when it would be very useful to remember it.

ACROSS CHRYSE*

THE bold journey "across Chrysè," of which these volumes are the record, must be accounted, from a commercial point of view, the most important enterprise of the kind which has been accomplished for some considerable time. "Chryse, the Golden Land," we may say, was the name vaguely given by the old geographers, not to the Golden Chersonese alone, but to all the country now known as Indo-China. To open a trade route through it into Yunnan has for some years been the desire of wise men. But a road from Bhamo to Mien, once warmly advocated, was shown by Mr. Baber in 1876 to lead to a *cul de sac*; and such, too, we now learn, would be the issue of the route up the Song-ka or Red River, by which the French still hope to tap Yunnan from the side of Tong-King. Mr. Colquhoun himself had long been of opinion that the true route lay through the country of the independent Shans, and the present journey in company with the late Charles Wahab was undertaken with a view of proving this to demonstration. Unfortunately the ill-will of the Mandarin of Ssumao, and the refusal of their Chinese interpreter to follow them into the Shan country, prevented this project from being wholly realised; and there still remains an incomplete link in the chain which a surveying party from Tenasserim would probably make good at trifling cost—the more easily since the Shans have now renounced their allegiance to the King of Burma. As some compensation Mr. Colquhoun saw more of Yunnan than any previous traveller, and has thus been able to give us for the first time a clear idea of the geography of that country.

The journey, which began at Canton, falls into two divisions—the voyage up the Si-Kiang to Pesé through the unruly provinces of the "two Kwangs," the birth-place of the Tae-ping rebellion, traces of which are still evident on every side; and the land-journey through Yunnan to Ssumao, and thence over previously untrodden ground to Taliu. Barren hills with lesser spaces of cultivable land, for which—a thing most rare in China—the population even so is all too sparse, hem in the Si-Kiang on either side. Rapids impede the progress of the traveller, and river pirates haunt the waters in such numbers that antiquated gun boats keep guard all along the stream. One of these boats was on one occasion detailed to escort the travellers to their next station. Traffic between town and town is almost extinct, and the last chance of recovery seems to have been lost by the transfer of the old trade route to the Yang-tse-Kiang. From Pesé onward the land journey lay through a country previously unvisited by English explorers. The rich districts, which made "wealthy Yunnan" proverbial over the whole of China, lie chiefly in the centre and the south-west. Indeed, the famous tea of "Puerh," is really grown in the Shan country, while the want of roads everywhere is incidentally evidenced by the fact that even in the east of China the price of this tea, through the difficulty of transport, is so high as to be positively prohibitive. Of mineral wealth, even in the more barren districts, there are ample tokens; but the mandarins discourage mining through fear of the turbulent population which is sure to gather wherever mines are worked on a large scale. Though civilly entreated by the officials, especially when it was found they were not missionaries, and unmolested by the populace save in the towns along the Si-Kiang, the travellers had their full share of perils. Bad food, bad air, and daily troubles with their servants told in the end upon the strongest. Mr. Wahab, soon after leaving Pesé, was all but prostrated by the malady to which he finally succumbed when his work was done, and his stronger friend was only kept on his legs by copious doses of quinine and the animating sense of responsibility, while to all his party the first view of the Irrawaddy afar off was like that of the sea to Xenophon's Ten Thousand.

The narrative makes no pretence to literary finish; the journals

* "Across Chrysè." By Archibald R. Colquhoun, (S. Low and Co. 2 vols.)

which compose it are given as they were made up for greater accuracy every third or fourth day; but it is wonderfully fresh and real, and with its profuse illustrations of scenery and people (for the travellers were bold enough to carry with them a photographic apparatus, and found the natives very willing to be "taken,") gives a better idea of South Western China and its inhabitants than can be found in any book we know. Of the aboriginal tribes of Yunnan now slowly receding before the Chinese to the hills, it gives, indeed, a specially valuable account, supplemented in the appendix by a translation of a curious Chinese history of them, written after their subjugation in 1730, to which ethnologists will attach exceptional value. For himself Mr. Colquhoun much preferred this manlier, simpler race to the opium-smoking Chinese, whose callous selfishness and reluctance to aid the traveller in any way produced in the end a feeling of downright aversion. Altogether these are volumes of unusual interest, whether as descriptions of almost unknown lands and races, or on their specially distinctive merits as indicators of the best trade route to one of the very few great markets which are still untouched.



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY has arrived, but the country is very far from having a flowery appearance, and the general aspect of the landscape is unusually bleak and barren for the time of year. The trees are noticeably backward; their elevation has exposed them to the keen north-east winds, and their leafing has been retarded quite a month behind the date which marks a forward season, and a full fortnight behind the period which marks an average one. The cornfields present a pinched and rather unsavourable aspect, though the spring corn grown has come up very regularly, and wheat, barley, and oats are all healthy in their growth. An appearance which would not discourage about the second week of April is decidedly disappointing in the first week of May. If the next few weeks are favourable, a wonderful change will come on the country. The corn only wants a little more moisture followed by heat to develop well, for there seems to be very little failure of seed, and consequently a thick and good growth may be looked for as soon as the weather becomes stimulating. Clover, trefoil, and ordinary grass are growing, but not at all fast. The season with regard to pastures bear at present a character of healthy but excessive backwardness. The orchards are at last coming into blossom, pears and cherries having the start, and plums following. The hop gardens are of less promise, for there are many dead stocks, and the sets do not seem strong.

APRIL SNOWS.—It snowed heavily for four hours on the 19th of April, 1808, and in 1816 the snow which fell on the 12th of April froze on the 13th, and remained on the ground unmelted for three days. In 1835 the 16th and 17th of April were continually snowy, while in 1838 there were snowstorms on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. In 1849 the weather from the 16th to the 28th of April was intensely cold, snow fell frequently, and on April 19th the Westerham coach was buried, and left all night in a snow-drift on Titsey Hill. On the 23rd of April last, snow fell extensively over England. The mid-April period would often appear to be one of violent reaction towards winter.

THE AGRICULTURAL COUNCIL has at last been appointed, and consists of Earl Spencer, the Earls of Rosebery and Kimberley, Lord Carington, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Earl Spencer and Lord Carington are well-known in the agricultural world, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre have given much study to the Land Question. But what are the claims of Lords Rosebery and Kimberley and of Mr. Dodson to be considered representative of agriculture to the exclusion of such men as the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ellesmere, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Biddle, Mr. Duckham, and Mr. Clare Sewell Read, it is indeed difficult to say. It is to be greatly regretted, moreover, that the Council should be exclusively composed of Liberals. Mr. Gladstone, in forming the first Council, had an opportunity for acting generously and wisely, but he has declined to set the precedent of impartiality, and now we must expect reprisals whenever the Conservatives return to power. It is a thousand pities that party strife should render it impossible for us to have the services at one and the same time of men like Earl Spencer and the Duke of Richmond even in relation to subjects which should have no party bearing.

THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY hold their Annual Show at Colchester this year, and on the 13th and 14th June. Over 1,500 will be offered in prizes. There are several classes for pure-bred shorthorns, eligible for the Herd Book, and some special prizes are also offered for competition open to all comers. There are also to be competed for the Second Haivering Park Challenge Cup, valued at 100 guineas, the gift of the late Mr. David Mackintosh, of Haivering Park, Romford. This Cup, when won three years in succession by the same exhibitor, becomes his *bond fide* property. The first Haivering Park Cup was won three years in succession by the Rev. K. B. Kennard, of Colchester. Entries close May 19th.

THE BIRKENHEAD SHOW has been fixed for the 13th June and two following days. As good prizes will be given for the best horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, pigeons, and butter a capital all-round agricultural meeting may be expected, while five medals for agricultural machinery should excite an interesting competition between the great firms of the country.

SCOTTISH AGRICULTURISTS have been stirring themselves with reference to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease in Scotland. Last week an influential deputation waited on the Ministry, who were represented by Lord Carlingford. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Kintore, the Earl of Galloway, Lord Balfour, Sir J. G. Craig, Sir G. M. Grant, Sir Guinness Mackenzie, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Sir F. E. Villiers, Sir J. R. Maitland, Mr. S. M. Dudgeon, Mr. T. Elicot, and the Secretary of the Highland Society formed the deputation, which urged the prohibition of live animals from counties suffering from contagious disease. Lord Carlingford declined to accede to the views of the deputation, a course of action which has produced a most unfavourable impression in the agricultural world, as a formidable army of articles and correspondence in the "dailies" as well as in the agricultural journals will show.

SCOTLAND.—Of all the districts of Scotland East Lothian has suffered most severely from the visitation of foot-and-mouth disease, and the extension of the malady from cattle to sheep has been peculiarly disastrous. Nearly 4,000 sheep have been attacked in this one county; about half have recovered, 700 have died, and the rest are recovering. In other Scotch counties disease is rapidly abating, and the end of May is expected to give the North a fairly clean bill of health. While foot-and-mouth disease has been ravaging the south-east of Scotland, "blackleg" has done much injury along the Border from Peebles to Berwick. Roxburgh has lost nearly 2,000 lambs in a couple of months, and there have been heavy losses on the Lothian uplands and Lammermoor hills. Where disease has not made its appearance farmers have done fairly well with their lambs, though the mothers generally seem poor and out of condition.—Mr. Henry Prain, of Castle Huntley, has won the Steven Agricultural Scholarship, in the gift of Edinburgh University.

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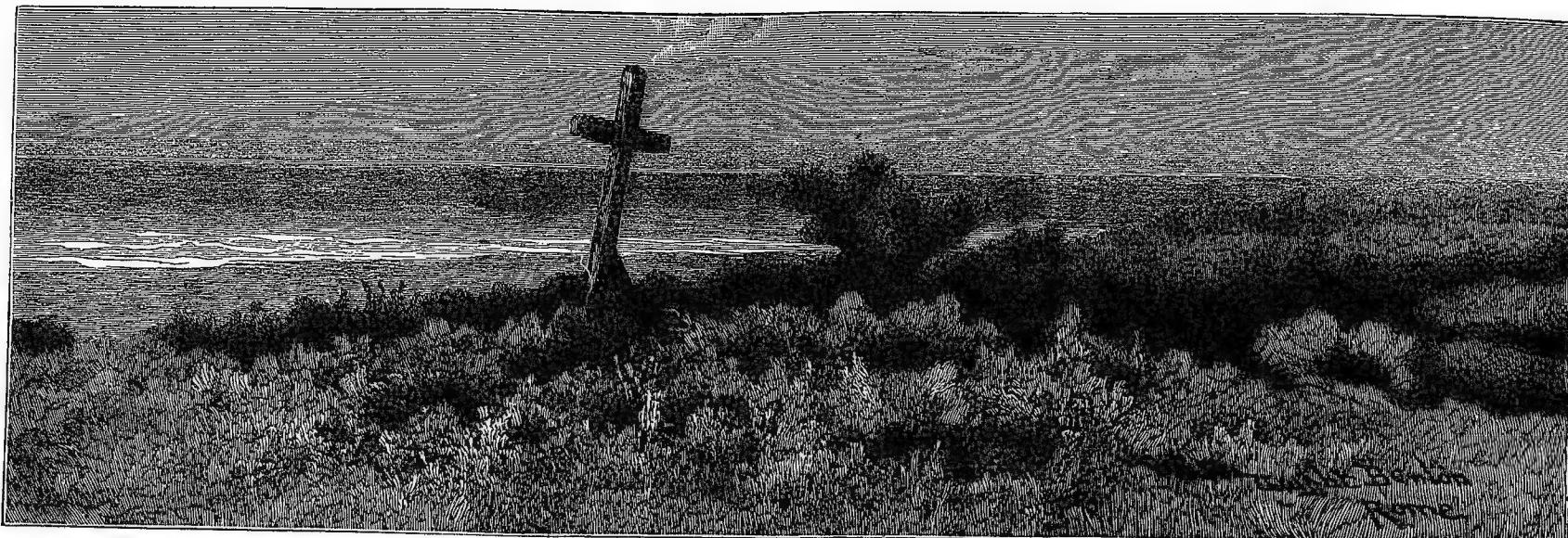
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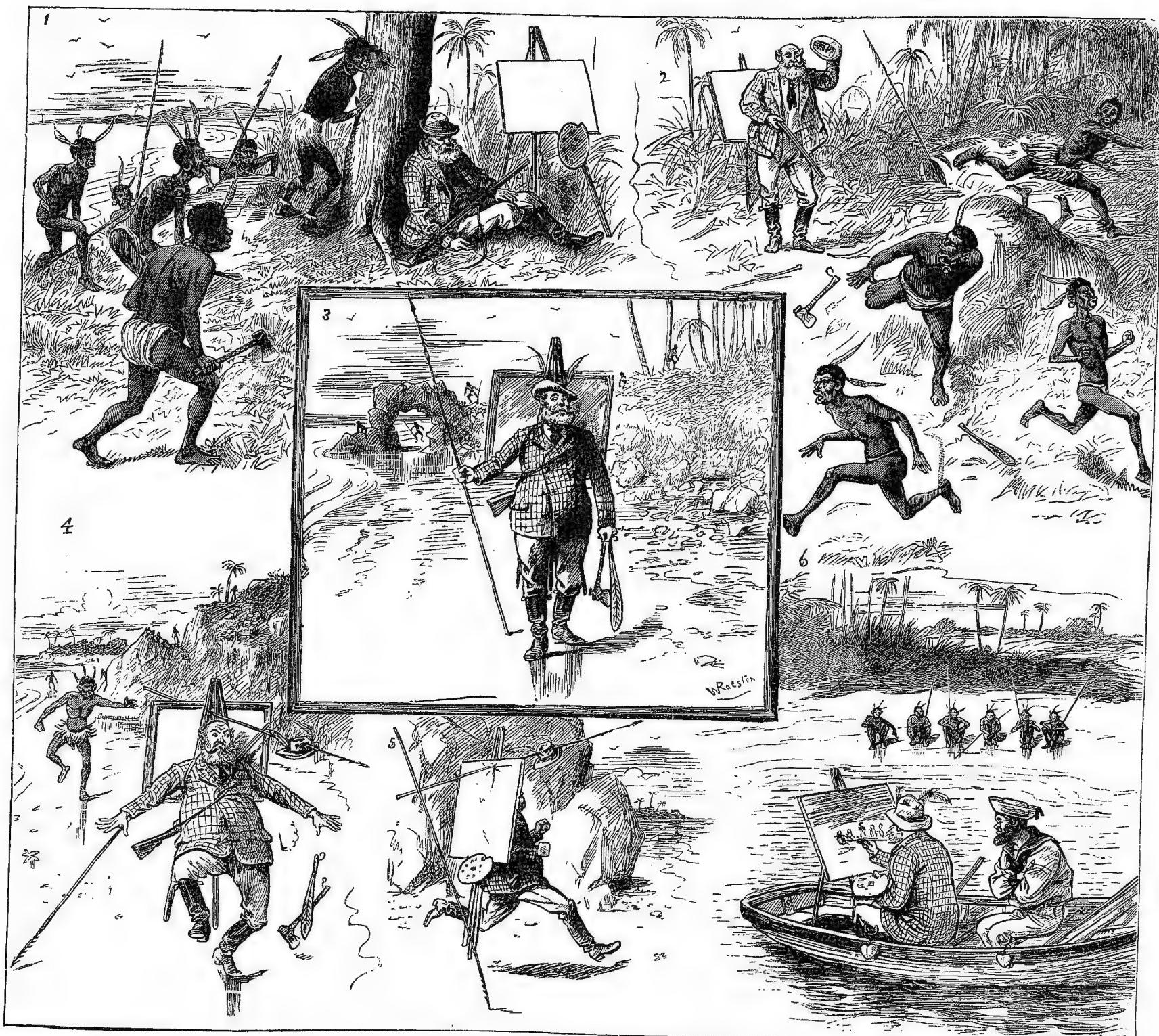
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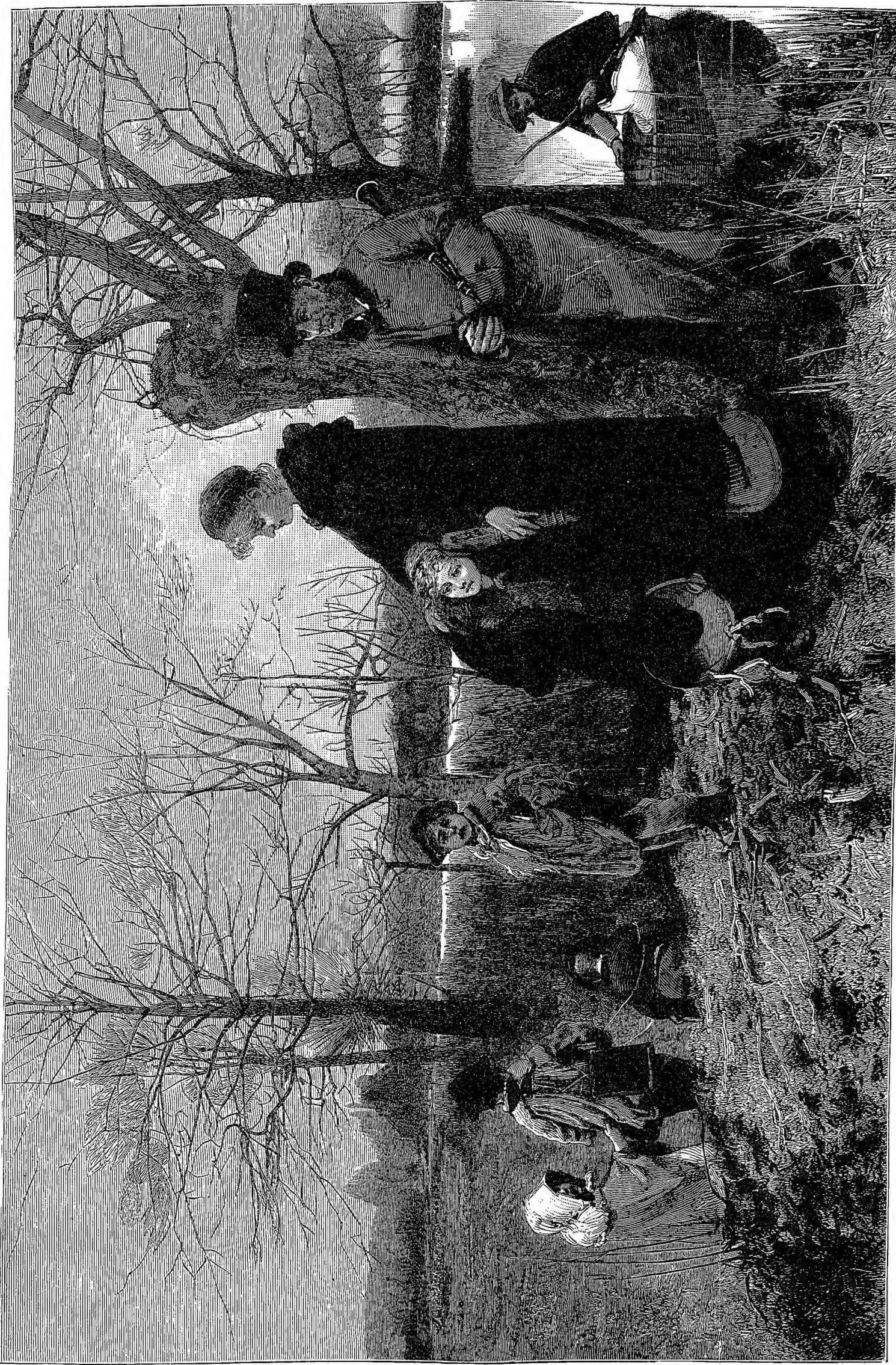
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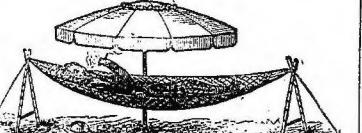
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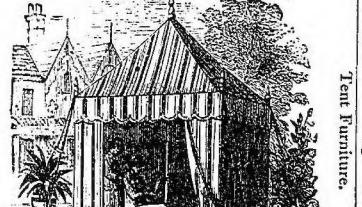
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